THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 45, N°. 7, for July, 1814.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The MOTHER'S GRAVE.
2. Fashionable COSTUME for August.
3. PATTERNS for BORDERS.

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NOTICES.

Retiring from the Editorship of the Lady's Magazine, the Gentleman who has conducted it from the commencement of the year eighteen hundred and eleven to the close of the present month of July, feels a pleasure in expressing his gratitude to his fair Readers for their flattering approbation, and to his ingenious Correspondents for their obliging contributions; and requests a continuance of their support and favors to his successor, who will, he hopes, give them ample satisfaction, and prove himself worthy of their patronage.

The retiring Editor closes his career by inviting the attention of his fair Readers to a case, which cannot fail to awake their best feelings—the case of Miss *Eliza Yeames*, to whose pen the Lady's Magazine has, in time past, been indebted for various contributions.—Through the tyrannous injustice of *Bonaparté*, that ingenious young lady finds herself reduced to the painful necessity of soliciting a public subscription for her own relief, and that of her widowed mother and numerous family.—Her father, Mr. Peter Yeames, master of his Majesty's packet, Earl of Leicester, having, together with his vessel, been detained at Helvoetsluys in 1803, was sent prisoner to Verdun; whence, on the approach of the Allies, he was, with the other British captives, hastily hurried away toward Blois, during the unprecedented severity of January in the present year. But he reached not his destination: worn down by affliction, exhausted with fatigue, and overpowered by the inclemency of the weather, he fell a victim on the road, after having, for his support in his long captivity, drained all those resources, which would otherwise have afforded a comfortable subsistence to a wife and six children, whom he has left in a state of distress, which loudly calls for the sympathy and aid of all those who have hearts to feel for severe and unmerited calamity.—Subscriptions, for its alleviation, are received by Messrs. Hoare, Barnett, and Co. bankers, Lombard-street—Messrs. Minett, Austin Friars—Messrs. Robinson, publishers of the Lady's Magazine, Paternoster Row—and Mr. Colburn, at his circulating library, Conduit-street, Hanover-square.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JULY, 1814.

Modern Life *delineated.*
(Concluded from page 157.)

At an early hour, Gertrude persuaded her sister to retire to her own room. As she quitted the parlour with her, she told Miss Pope that she would speedily return.—"I beg you will not hasten your return upon my account," said Miss Pope with a look of scorn. "I have infinite amusement in my books and knitting; and you must have much to say to Mrs. Lloyd."

"No," replied Gertrude with a look of dignity, "I shall not fatigue my sister by conversing with her this evening; for her spirits are almost overpowered by her journey: but I wish to see her comfortable in her own apartment."

When Gertrude returned to the parlour, she took up her work, and, placing herself opposite to Miss Pope, "How unkindly you have acted this evening, my friend!" said she.

"If I were inclined to recriminate," cried Miss Pope, "I should observe, that those who sanction vice, are unworthy of the friendship of a virtuous woman."

"It is not vice that I sanction, but returning virtue. Though my sister has erred, it does not become me either to insult or neglect her. It is my duty to take her from the haunts of the wicked, and place her in that home where she may repent of her past error, and make herself acceptable to the Father of mercies. In my opinion, it does not become any female to usurp the authority of boasted chastity over an unfortunate fellow creature. We presume too much on a single virtue, when we forget what is due to those whose feelings are embittered by self-accusation. But I fear there is a perversity in our nature, which leads us to increase the afflictions of the unfortunate. Though charity, we are told, is one of our Christian virtues, how seldom does it warm us with its heavenly flame! We take upon ourselves the awful character of judges, and condemn where we ought to pardon. If there were any thing vicious or improper in my sister's conversation, I should not insult my friends by admitting her into their society. But the language of a child cannot be more consonant to perfect purity of mind, than hers is. Her errors are confined to herself: they never will spread contagion to others. As I observed before, my duty, and the last wishes of a beloved parent, confirm me in the resolution of making this home an asylum for my unfortunate sister. But I am far from wishing to court others to our society, if their feelings do not induce them to draw a veil over past errors. We know that life is checquered with good and evil: and, almost in every family, there is one or more who are a source of unhappiness to the rest. But, in the eye of reason, their errors are not entirely to dissolve the bond of natural affection; and that affection comprises lenity, forgiveness, and tenderness. Should I not then be unnatural in the extreme, if I deserted an only sister, the affectionate companion of my youthful days, at a period when she is a martyr to the most agonising reflexions? I might, by the over-nice, be deemed a prudent woman; but my heart, I am certain, would attest that I was an unfeeling one."

"Forgive me, my dearest Gertrude!" exclaimed Miss Pope. "I have been scrupulously exact in one point; but I have been extremely defective in feminine charity. The account, which the papers gave of your sister's conduct, excited in my breast sentiments of disgust and abhorrence: but, if you can pardon her errors, I have not any right to withhold my forgiveness."

"The public papers," replied Gertrude, "are not always the vehicles of truth: and I often wish that the subjects to fill them were more judiciously selected. The errors of a wife and mother are painted in the most glaring colors. The editor does not consider, that, by proclaiming her vicious conduct to the world, he aggravates the evil. How severely does he wound her friends by reminding them of her deviation, while he gives to the malicious the power of insulting, injuring, and oppressing the innocent beings who are bereft of a mother's tender care!—The impression, made by the scandalous tale, is never erased from the minds of the public: and an amiable son or daughter of the offender is frequently reminded of the parent's error, to gratify the baneful passions of those who [illegible] means of establishing their own fame, but by opposing the progress of young people who are entitled to become their competitors. If it had not been for the public papers, my friend would not so harshly reprobate my poor sister's conduct: and her own heart would have suggested to her the lesson of forgiveness. In my opinion, there is too ostentatious a display of virtue among our rigid females. Every excellence in life is brought to one standard: we may, with impunity, be satirical, vain, proud, and irreligious: but, if we dare to protect an unfortunate sister, our own conduct is condemned as highly censurable. I am of Goldsmith's opinion, that we should

'Try each art, reprove each cold delay,
Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way.'

How many might be reclaimed after a first error, who, being abandoned by their relatives, are in a measure compelled to continue in a life of infamy! and how many guilty fathers turn a deaf ear to the humble pleadings of an unhappy daughter!"

From the time of Emma's arrival at Llanarth, her dejection daily increased.—Gertrude devoted all her time to assuage her affliction: and Miss Pope, who had recovered her usual benevolence, tried the power of cheerfulness to dissipate her grief: but her mind seemed tinged with the darkest gloom. "I feel," said she to Gertrude, "that my race in this world will soon terminate. If there be another world, what will become of me hereafter? Answer me, my dearest sister: are you convinced there will be a day of retribution? For my own part, I dread it: and yet the idea of mouldering in the dust, without ever seeing light, or feeling the spirit of life again, is even a thousand times more terrible."

"Oh! my dear Emma! do not doubt the certainty of a future state. Every thing in this world, serves to confirm the truth of an immortality. If we confine our researches only to ourselves, we must be convinced of it. When we lie down in our beds, the oblivion of sleep steals over our frame; but, if we would give an empire for the knowledge, we cannot tell the exact moment when we closed our eyes, or the last subject that occupied our thoughts. The moment we are lost to this world, we engage with avidity in various pursuits: we read, write, walk, and converse with our friends, with as much eagerness as we do when we are awake: and

we are equally careless, or careful, in arranging plans for futurity. There is only this difference between our waking and dreaming occupations—that the one is mental, the other, bodily employment. Be assured, my dear Emma, this divine spirit within us will not be annihilated the moment we drop into the grave. If this were actually to be the case, I am convinced it would be annihilated at the moment we are lost in sleep; for we are then, in fact, dead to the world, though the soul is still as active in pursuit of its darling occupations. The great Creator undoubtedly will clothe our spirits as his wisdom shall judge fit: and, as he is the Father of virtue, and the essence of mercy and love, he will make every allowance for his erring creatures, and extend his mercy to the meek and humble penitent. Trust, my dear Emma, in him who is invested with righteousness, mercy, and kindness: and let his words speak peace to your soul: for he has announced to us his readiness to pardon and accept those who forsake the error of their ways."

Gertrude was prepared by the physician to see her ill-fated sister, at an early age, numbered with the dead. Doctor Wilson expressed to her his conviction that she had for some time been in a rapid decline; and this he attributed not solely to the effect of grief preying on her mind, but, in a great measure, to the present mode of dressing. "I am convinced, Miss Lloyd," said he, "that one full fourth part of the females in this nation will fall martyrs to that monster, fashion. Forty years ago, it would have charmed the heart of every man to view the sparkling health and innocent bloom of our female friends.—But how are they degraded now! dwindled into mere shadows! Paint supplies the place of Nature's bloom; and the hectic cough ever sounds in my ear, as a funereal dirge. Indeed, I never see any of those death-like mummies, without fancying that they are strangely out of their places, and that they are only fit inhabitants for the tomb."

Gertrude never quitted her sister's chamber, but employed every hour in soothing and preparing her for the last awful change. "Have you a wish, my dear Emma," said she, "to see my brother Edward? Only express it; and I will immediately write to him. He has long ceased to harbour any resentment against you; and I am convinced he will immediately come to confirm the truth of what I assert."

"No, my dear Gertrude! we must not meet in this world. His presence would render the agonies of death insupportable.—I have too deeply wounded his noble unsuspecting soul: and his forgiveness would not calm my troubled spirit. When I consider what I was two years ago, I am lost in wonder and horror, that my passions should so entirely subdue my reason, and my affection for Edward and yourself. Surely, my dear sist[illegible] lost you, I lost a guardian angel: for I have never known a day's happiness in your absence. If you had been in town, my visits to Mrs. Manville would not have been required; and your presence would have checked any attachment to Frederic. I attribute my deviation, in a great measure, to the frequent opportunities I had of being with him at his mother's. Never let a wife presume too much upon her fancied affection for her husband, or imagine that she may frequently enjoy the fascinating conversation, and observe the amiable manners, of another

man, without endangering her own peace. There is not any thing, my dear Gertrude, so unstable, as a weak female heart. I hope Edward may still be happy with some amiable woman: tell him it is my last wish and prayer that he may be so.—As to Frederic, peace never will be his lot in this world. Though his love for you was, during a short period, sacrificed to a lawless passion, I am certain it will never be obliterated from his bosom. If repentance can atone for my transgressions, the thousand tears I have shed, would certainly avail. Since the first fortnight after my departure from home, I have been the most wretched creature breathing. I longed to communicate my miseries to you: but fear and shame deterred me—conscious as I was, that I merited your contempt and reproaches."

"I thought, Emma, you had known my disposition too well, to have doubted, even for a moment, the reception your letter would have met with. I can with truth declare, that my greatest joy in this life would be to see you restored to health and peace of mind."

"Do not wish it, my dearest Gertrude! Returning health would not restore peace of mind, or raise me once more to that rank in society, from which my crimes have degraded me. I could not, with undaunted countenance, repel the scorn and contempt of the illiberal: and the kindness of my friends would make me miserable; for tenderness, or even a look of sympathy, is far more painful to a mind conscious of guilt, than the severest reproof.—Your goodness has effected a change in my heart. I now look upon death with a degree of calmness and resignation. To Him whose attribute is mercy, I trust my cause. It is you, who have inspired me with the hope of forgiveness; and I trust, my dearest Gertrude, that your prayers will reach the throne of grace in favor of your penitent sister."

Contrary to the expectations of the physician, Emma's life was protracted for some months; but she continued in so weak and languid a state, that every day her sister thought would be her last.

On the day of her departure from this world of care, Gertrude (who had not been in bed six hours during the preceding fortnight) was seated by her bed-side, almost overcome with sleep.—"I feel," said Emma, in a faint voice—"I feel extremely weak."

The moment Gertrude heard the sound of her sister's voice, she hastily drew aside the curtain, and observed her countenance raised toward heaven, as if she was mentally ejaculating a prayer. She then turned her eyes upon Gertrude, saying, "Ah! my beloved sister! take care of my poor, innocent, orphan child; and never let her know her mother's conduct. But, my dear Gertrude, will you—can you—forgive my ingratitude to yourself?"

Gertrude tenderly embraced her sister: but her tears prevented a reply.—"Oh! bless her! bless her!" said Emma in scarcely audible accents, and, after an agonising struggle of a few moments, expired in her sister's arms.

THE END.

WHO *would be a* PARENT?
A Fragment.

IT was on a calm autumnal evening, when the deepening twilight threw a soothing, yet mournful shade on the gloomy mansions of eternal rest, that Evander sought the grave of his once blooming babe. Deep sighs of paternal anguish burst from his bosom: his hands were clasped

over the cherub head which ornamented the senseless stone, while his eyes were raised toward heaven, with the impassioned eagerness of one who would pierce the veil of mystery which surrounds creation, and behold his lamented child in realms of glory. But the enthusiasm soon subsided: again his glance was directed to the humble sod, which covered the mouldering precious form. The father's thoughts were again chained to earth; and his feelings found vent in sobs and tears.

A hasty footstep was heard approaching: a low murmuring noise broke the solemn stillness. Evander looked around for the intruder, and beheld a tall thin figure in a sable habit, within a few paces of him. "What do you here?" asked the stranger in a hurried voice: "who is it, that with impious lamentations arraigns the justice of the Mos High, and disturbs the peaceful slumbers of the dead? Be gone! be gone!"

Evander, struck by the strange solemnity of this address, still advanced nearer to the intruder.—"By what authority," he asked "do you command me hence? Why forbid a father to weep over the grave of his child? I utter no impious murmurs, although the hand of affliction has grasped me hard. All my hope, my joy, lies buried beneath this stone: nature demands her tribute: these tears relieve my heart of its anguish: this solace keeps me from despair."

"How old was your child?" asked the stranger, drawing nearer, and fixing his melancholy gaze upon Evander.

"Just entered on his seventh year—lovely and blooming as a painted cherub. Can you wonder that I lament? If you do, you are not a parent."

"A parent! re-echoed the stranger, with a heart-piercing groan—"Oh! who would be a parent?" Mourner! rejoice! yours is a happy lot:—bless heaven for it."

"Unfortunate stranger!" returned Evander, "I fear I have unintentionally touched a tender chord. You, too, perhaps come here to mourn over some object of affection: let our tears mingle: I hail you, as a brother in affliction."

The stranger shook his head.—"No!" said he, gasping for breath—"that happiness is denied me: the grave does not hold those I mourn. Horror! horror! yet it is so.—Oh! who would be a parent?"

Evander took his hand—"Calm, this agitation, I beseech you. Your looks are wild, your accents perturbed. I am no prying inquirer: but, if you would reveal to me the source of this deep anguish, we might both derive advantage from the effort."

"Be it so," returned the stranger. "You think your calamity great: you will think so no longer, when you have heard my tale."

The new friends seated themselves on the stile at the entrance of the church-yard; and the stranger thus began—

"I was placed by fortune in a happy mediocrity of esta[illegible] early life married the object of my fondest regard. Our union was blessed by the birth of two as lovely promising babes as ever gladdened the eyes of a parent.—Frederic, our first-born, was the object of my proudest hopes; Adeline, of a mother's tenderest solicitude. Our children grew up, and prospered; and we considered ourselves as the happiest of created beings. It were useless to dwell on this period: it glided past, like a sweetly delusive dream. Frederic, as he grew up, evinced a lively cast of temper, and a quick capacity. I was proud of his talents,

and blind to his failings; while my wife, vigilantly apprehensive of our other treasure, watched over her Adeline with scrupulous anxiety, and reared her with a tenderness ill suited to one who might perhaps have to struggle against the ills of life: for fortune is precarious; and those who most enjoy her smiles, are the least fitted to endure her frowns.

"Although such a reverse was an evil we could scarcely apprehend, it did eventually overtake us. A variety of unforeseen disasters, too tedious to enumerate, reduced me from a state of comparative affluence, to the most embarrassing circumstances; and dire necessity obliged me to part from objects whom I once thought I could not spare a week from my sight. The education I had given to Frederic, qualified him for an eligible situation in a mercantile house; and my daughter was received under the protection of a lady of rank.

"Absence, while it strengthens the affection of a parent, acts differently upon the sentiments of a child. New objects divert the mind: independence generates new ideas: fresh attachments are formed; and this is the first evil that a parent has to apprehend.—My children, though affectionate and dutiful, experienced this change in common with others: by degress our intercourse became less frequent; and their confidence in their parents seemed gradually withdrawn—alas! too fatally so.—Still we fondly contemplated the realization of our hopes in the future welfare and prosperity of these beloved objects, when we were shocked by the intelligence that our darling girl had fallen the victim of a titled seducer, a married libertine! What a pang for a mother, idolising a child, as did the mother of Adeline! what a blow for a father, jealous of his honor, though reduced to poverty! We shuddered: we wept: we bewailed together. We would have reclaimed the wretched girl: but it was too late! The villain abandoned her to wretchedness; but he could not reduce her to infamy. Her mind was cast in too fine a mould, to bear about with unblushing effrontery the consciousness of shame: her senses fled; and a confirmed insanity has condemned her to a living death."

"A dreadful catastrophe!" observed Evander. "But you had still a son: there was a hope left."

"Mark the sequel," resumed the stranger impressively.—"This son, the pride of my life, was led astray by those dissolute associates who make youth and inexperience their prey: and Frederic, though not dissolute, so far forgot his father's precepts, that he fell into habits of thoughtless extravagance. To avert the unpleasant consequences attending his indiscretion, he had recourse to means, too often the desperate resource of the thoughtless and profuse—a crime which seldom escapes detection:—he committed a forgery—was detected—tried—and condemned!—Thus are a father's hopes blasted for ever! Have I not reason to say that yours is the happier lot? How few, who hang over the cradle with exulting joy, know what misery those cherished objects will bring upon their heads! The tender promise nipped in the bud may seem an evil of magnitude: but how slight is the pang, compared to that which tears the breast of a parent, who, after years of anxious solicitude, lives to mourn, not only the death, but the disgrace of his offspring!—To-morrow's dawn seals the doom of my lost Frederic: to-morrow's setting sun will close the scene upon his heart-broken mother:—I know

it is an event which she cannot survive.—What remains for me?—despair!—a remnant of misery, that cannot be called existence.—Yet, you see, I weep not: the sources of my tears are dried up. My children knew not the extent of their misconduct: they reflected not that their guilt would amount to *parricide*—a thought, that perhaps would deter many from the commission of venial faults.—Your tears flow afresh! well! weep on! I envy you the felicity of shedding them. Compare your cause of grief with mine; and they will be tears of joy, of resignation; while I wander, forlorn and wretched, through the gloomy waste—a solitary, despondent being.—Oh! who would be a parent?"

The unfortunate stranger now grasped the hand of Evander, and abruptly rushed into the thickest gloom of the adjacent wood, while the corrected mourner sought his home. The contrast was such, as, while it pained his feelings, brought conviction to his mind. He wept no more the loss of a child, who was perhaps snatched from a life of infamy, to certain beatitude. He felt as a parent, but bowed submissive, as a Christian, to the decree of that Almighty Disposer of events, who is invariably just and beneficent.

E. T.

A Peep *at my* Neighbours; *or,* Asmodeus *in the* Country.

(*Continued from page* 259.)

The ladies, after having adjusted their head-dresses at the mirror, and severally inspected the fanciful decorations of the 'drawing-room, took their seats; when the following conversation commenced.

Mrs. Murmur.—"My dear Mrs. Arbitrate, I always envy you: there is such an air of elegance in all about you. I protest, any person, who did not know you so well as I do, would think you amazingly extravagant. If I were to make such an appearance, I am sure all my neighbours would exclaim that I was ruining my husband: at least so he tells me, when I speak to him on the subject."

Mrs. Arbitrate.—"I can assure you, Mrs. Murmur, there are few people less extravagant than I am: and, as to what my neighbours may think, it gives me very little concern. I certainly like to have things comfortable and creditable about me; and Mr. Arbitrate knows best how far he can afford to indulge me; and I must say, that I have often wondered that persons in your circumstances make such a very plain appearance. Indeed, I thought of hinting it to you before, only that I feared you would consider it as impertinent: but really I feel persuaded that it is not *your* fault."

Mrs. Murmur.—"Why, I must own, I am perhaps rather too frugal in my expenditures, though Mr. Murmur pretends to say that we live up to our income, and he detests running in debt."

Mrs. Arbitrate.—"Some husbands—I don't presume to say [illegible] is one of the number—admire dress and elegance in other women, but are too penurious to allow their own wives to make even a genteel appearance; always pretending that they cannot afford it; which, in your particular case, we know, must be only a mere pretence."

Mrs. Murmur.—"I never thought Mr. Murmur parsimonious before: yet, as you say, I ought to make an appearance suitable to our circumstances: but my allowance is limited."

Mrs. Arbitrate.—"By yourself, I suppose: for surely you would not submit to such an act of injustice

from your husband: and, although I certainly allow myself a stated sum, I will not affirm that I find it sufficient: but, you know, there is no necessity for telling one's husband exactly what one spends, or what every article costs."

Here all the married ladies exclaimed, "Oh! certainly not! it would be absurd! quite out of the question," &c.

Mrs. Arbitrate.—"Pray, Mrs. Placid, how do you like the servant I recommended to you? does she answer your expectations?"

Mrs. Placid.—"I am very well satisfied with her at present:—one cannot expect to find perfection in servants, more than in other people."

Mrs. Clatter.—"Indeed, I think your last treated you very ungratefully, after all your goodness to her. I am sure, if she had served me so, I would never have given her a character."

Mrs. Placid.—"The girl certainly was in fault: but she, poor creature, is likely to be the greater sufferer. She had lived with me many years; and, though I would not conceal the truth, I should be sorry to deprive a fellow creature of bread, because she had been ungrateful to me."

Mrs. Arbitrate.—"My dear Mrs. Placid, I have always been pained to observe how much good nature is imposed on. You are a great deal too indulgent to your servants. You take them from the most wretched homes—clothe, feed, and educate them, and treat them as if they were your own relatives. Indeed, many have thought you must formerly have been a servant yourself, until I did away the idea, by assuring them that I knew your family well. But, in truth, you are unbecomingly condescending; and I would advise you, as a friend, to act with greater circumspection; for the lower classes are too apt to abuse good nature, as you have experienced; and it gives room for other people to talk."

Mrs. Placid.—"Perhaps it may: but I have always observed, that persons who have been in a low station themselves, instead of being indulgent to their servants and inferiors, are generally the most tyrannical."

Mrs. Clatter.—"Well! I thank heaven, nobody says any thing against me on that score."

Mrs. Arbitrate.—"I am sure it is very unpleasant to me to hint at any thing of a disagreeable nature: but I trust no offence has been taken."

Mrs. Placid.—"There is nothing more acceptable to me, than the advice of judicious and well-meaning friends."

Mrs. Arbitrate.—"Let us change the subject.—Miss Racket, how happened it that we did not meet you at the last concert?"

Miss Racket.—"I was very anxious to go: but my cousin Steadman could not prevail with her mother to let her go; and I did not like to appear without a companion."

Mrs. Placid.—"Your observation shows your prudence, Miss Racket."

Mrs. Clatter (*to Miss Steadman*)—"Mrs. Steadman is only your stepmother, I believe?"

Miss Steadman.—"She is my father's second wife, ma'am: but she has been the same as a mother to me."

Mrs. Arbitrate.—"Well! really, Miss Steadman, I have a very great regard for you; and I much admire your conduct: but really I do think you submit too much to the authority of a step-mother; and I must presume to say, that Mrs. Steadman has her whims and caprices, as well as other folk. Young people require a little innocent recreation; and there is often more of envy than of circum-

spection in the restraints imposed by those of maturer years; not that it may be the case with *your* mother-in-law, though she does keep you rather too much secluded, for a girl of your age and personal advantages."

Miss Steadman.—"I am persuaded she means it for my advantage, ma'am."

Mrs. Arbitrate. — Her meaning may be good; and yet I have so high an opinion of your prudence, that I feel satisfied you would make no ill use of the same degree of liberty that other young people enjoy."

Miss Steadman. — "I trust I should not, ma'am. Indeed, I never gave it a thought before: but, as you observe, she does very often debar me from amusements, which mothers allow their own daughters to join in."

The gentlemen now made their appearance; and the conversation took a general turn. Asmodeus took me by the elbow, and we quitted the window.—"It is incalculable," said he, "how much mischief is done by those busy sort of people, who are never so happy as when they are giving their opinions and advice, whether solicited or not. Mrs. Arbitrate is one of that character; and the conversation you have heard just now, though to you uninteresting, will be attended with many evil consequences.—In the first place, Mrs. Murmur, already convinced by the sophistry of her friend that she makes a shabby appearance, will contrive, by dint of scolding, coaxing, and cheating her husband, to launch into various extravagancies, which his income is not in fact adequate to support, and for which she before had no desire. She will involve him in debt; and he may very probably end his days in a prison.—Mrs. Placid, from being a generous and indulgent mistress, will become penurious and suspicious: her domestic comforts will be abridged by the constant change of domestics; and, instead of occasionally suffering inconveniences from the misconduct of one, she will never know the pleasure of having a good servant to stay in her house.—Miss Steadman, from being tractable, obedient, and affectionate to her father's wife, will grow discontented with her situation, and think every necessary restraint a punishment. She will in consequence rebel against her step-mother's authority, and make her father wretched by their continual bickerings, till his affection is alienated, and she draws upon herself, in reality, the ill-usage and severity which was at first merely imaginary. And all this is the work of one idle gossiping party—of insinuations uttered without any malicious design, and advice given more for the sake of talking, than with any real intention of serving the person advised. You may depend upon it, there is a Mrs. Arbitrate at the head of every domestic cabal.

The Author's Portfolio.
No. 2.
A Survey of Life.

It has been a matter of infinite doubt, which period to fix on, as the happiest portion of life; and it will be generally found that most persons who venture to give an opinion on the subject, are influenced chiefly by local attachments or partial recollections. For my own part, upon an unprejudiced survey of the general lot of mankind, I am firmly of opinion that the advantages and disadvantages are almost equally balanced in every season of our existence: and, to prove that this assertion is not wholly without foundation, I will endeavour to draw a brief sketch of the progressive stages of life, with the relative ties and associations which endear it to either sex.

Let us first consider the youth emerging from the necessary privations and restraints of childhood—from the salutary, but perhaps irksome labors of study—launching into engagements new and delightful: free as the airy butterfly, he roves from one object of attraction to another: no present incumbrances appear to check his pleasures; no anxieties for the future cloud his brow with care: yet his raptures are short-lived; and the ardor of his imagination renders them unsubstantial. In the midst of indulgences which freedom allows, he feels a deficiency, for which he knows not how to account: he sighs for one faithful confidant, one unalterable friend—for a well-ordered and cheerful home—for those endearing ties, which will give him consequence in the eyes of the world, as well as contribute to his ease and comfort, when withdrawn from the fatiguing dissipations of an unsettled course of life, or retiring from the diurnal occupation which is necessary for his subsistence.

This desired object is at length obtained; and we behold him a married man, united to the woman of his choice, the being he most tenderly regards, and one every way worthy of his most perfect esteem. Must he not be happy? Alas! no! for, even this desirable end obtained, a thousand unexpected inconveniences occur, to render that anxiously coveted estate less felicitous than imagination had painted it. Apprehensions and jealousies obtrude but too frequently: and, even should not these occur, solicitude for the health and prosperity of a rising progeny suffice to cause him many an uneasy moment. His expenses, too, necessarily increase, and perhaps exceed his means. A thousand petty grievances contribute to ruffle his temper, and make him look back, with a feeling not far remote from regret, to the hours of freedom which he then valued so lightly, and bartered for expected but ideal felicity. Yet the endearments of his loved partner, the caresses of his blooming offspring, are joys which he would scarcely consent to relinquish. He duly estimates their value, and feels satisfied, but doubts whether he is completely happy.

Time rolls on; and we find him released by death from the shackles of matrimony. However acute his feelings might be at the awful moment, we know that a man will not mourn the loss of his wife for ever: we will therefore suppose him reconciled to his present state—his daughters grown up, and happily settled in the world—his sons arrived at years of discretion, and enabled to establish their own fortunes. Are we to suppose this period of his existence preferable to those which preceded it? Far different indeed is the case. It is true, he is free; but freedom is not alone sufficient to confirm happiness.—He again mixes in society: his admiration and attention are no longer confined by inclination or duty to one particular object: he has no further occasion to limit his expenses, or debar himself from those indulgences which his associates so freely allow themselves. If inclined to be extravagant, his want of economy can injure no one but himself: if he run into excesses, there is no one at home to reproach him for his irregularity. He can enjoy life in the manner he likes best, it is true: but, on the other hand, what are the evils he has to complain of? A cheerless old age is in perspective. The very course of life which might conduce to his present enjoyment, would, most likely, be productive of consequences dreadful in contemplation.

Hours of sickness, of solitude, of want, may be in store for him, when he may be surrounded only by mercenary hirelings — perhaps wholly abandoned—when no fond wife is near, to sooth and mitigate his sufferings with tender solicitude and unwearied assiduity—no artless prattlers around him, to enliven the hours of dejection. His children are dispersed, or occupied in providing for their own families: his home is comfortless, his prospects dreary: he lives discontented, and dies, probably, unlamented.

From this picture, let us turn to view the lot of woman.

Young, beautiful, and gay, (for we will indulge ourselves with looking on the bright side of the prospect) she enters on a busy world, the object of general admiration. Her sole study is to please and be pleased. The charming varieties of fashion, the exercise of a brilliant taste, the illusions of a warm and romantic imagination, afford endless sources of delight and pleasing anticipation. Her person, her air, her accomplishments, are universally extolled: the sweetest flattery is continually poured into her ear; and suitors innumerable press forward, eager to win her approbation. She holds them like slaves who are entirely at her disposal, and triumphs in her power, till the moment arrives which determines her choice, when she exchanges the tyranny of empire for the fascination of sentiment. Then all her hopes, fears, and joys, centre in one object: —a variety of uneasy emotions soon combine to invade her peace: the dread of indifference on the part of him she has selected, and envy of every rival beauty, supersede the first pleasing impression, and fill her with anxiety, augmented perhaps by the consciousness of loving without the certainty of being beloved. Society becomes irksome to her: solitude is scarcely less hateful: days of agitation are succeeded by nights of uneasiness; and such a state can scarcely be deemed happy, although it is perhaps the most so of any that she is doomed to experience.

Blest in the attainment of her fondest hopes, let us now regard her as the tenderly attached wife of the man whom her youthful heart has selected.—A short scene of felicity ensues; when the pains and perils of motherhood assail her, and give rise to innumerable fears and hopes. The pleasing, yet fatiguing cares of a matron claim all her attention: the gaieties of life lose their attraction: her domestic duties unavoidably restrain her from the enjoyment of many recreations, in which she formerly took delight: and, although she cheerfully performs those duties, yet she feels some slight mortification at finding that she must necessarily lose much of her husband's society, who, though pleased with the acquisition, instinctively shrinks from a participation of cares, in which nature has not qualified him to bear an equal part.

Yet we are not to conclude, that, under such circumstances, her life is only a scene of privat[illegible]d regret: conjugal and maternal love are feelings most exquisitely delightful, and afford an ample equivalent for the solicitude they create. Still with how many bitters is this cup of delight rendered unpalatable! The gallant assiduities of a lover no longer cause her eye to sparkle with exultation: but the sober approbation of a husband whispers satisfaction to her heart. The adornment of her own person no longer affords food for vanity: but her pride is transferred to the decoration of her children; and the feeling is the same, though the object is changed.

These are her comforts, her solace, her amusements: but ah! what anguish is hers, should sickness, accident, or death, attack any of those beloved objects! The very anticipation of such an evil is sufficient to make her think that a wife, a mother, cannot be completely happy.—What then must that state be, when domestic infelicity, arising from a variety of causes, renders it in fact the least desirable of any?

We will now suppose her a widow, in easy and independent circumstances, free from incumbrances, and not too old to have lost her taste for the pleasures of life: yet can she enjoy them without alloy, when recollection of the past must so frequently obtrude? Too surely, no! She seeks amusement, to beguile the sorrows of her heart: to a casual observer, she appears gay and unconcerned: but the hour of solitude is to her an hour of anguish. She is free to enjoy herself; but she can find no enjoyment, while there is no one to partake it with her. She has liberty; but she needs protection. She may be sought by the other sex, but rarely as an object of love, at the period of life at which we must suppose her arrived. Young men rarely make choice of a widow; and, to those advanced in years, marriage is more generally a matter of convenience, than of sentiment.

From what has been premised, it may, however, be reasonably inferred, that marriage is in fact the ordination of heaven for the real welfare of the human race, since it is the state to which the young look forward with the eagerness of hope, and the aged look back with regret and despondency; and that most of the serious grievances which occur in married life are occasioned either by a dissatisfied imagination, or by the flagrant misconduct of one or both of the parties so engaged. E. T.

The ADOPTED CHILD.

(Continued from page 262.)

MR. Tudway had learned from Mrs. Mervil Marina's sudden transformation from the marquis'es niece, to his daughter—and from that moment relinquished all hope of obtaining that hand, which he had flattered himself would be the reward of his perseverance.—Sanguine, volatile, and generous, he had loved Marina (when he considered her as a destitute orphan, a dependent on the capricious bounty of the marquis) with ardor. He loved her; and in those few comprehensive words his every idea of happiness was comprised.—His liberal spirit regarded the gifts of fortune as only bestowed for the benefit of others: he gloried in the reflexion of having it in his power to elevate an amiable and lovely woman from the humble condition of dependence to the splendor of opulence. Too volatile to enter minutely into those refinements which render a woman of delicacy superior to the consideration of interest, he imagined that his ardent affection, his persevering attachment, would undoubtedly obtain her favor: and, had not her unexpected elevation conveyed her beyond his reach, he might still have continued to persist in following her.

Passion, however, now yielded to the mild reasoning of Mrs. Mervil: he saw the folly of which he had been guilty in pursuing a woman whose indifference was so visible; and this conviction determined him no longer to chase a phantom which would for ever elude his grasp. But he could not resolve to relinquish an object, whom he had for many months passionately loved, without once more seeing her, and soliciting her friendship. That same impetuosity, which prompted most of his actions, hurried him away from Dean Wood; and, without acquainting

Mrs. Mervil with his design, he hastened to Ormville Park; to which place he had heard from Mrs. Brown that the family were gone.

When he alighted at the house, he was ushered, as a stranger, into those magnificent apartments, where the pencil of Raphael, Guido, Claude Lorraine, Correggio, and Rubens, strove with emulative beauty to fascinate the eye of the enraptured connoisseur: but Tudway's eye wandered in search of living beauty. His conductor was communicative; and, as he had, without asking, informed him of the acquisition the house had received by the arrival of the marquis'es daughter, he thought he might venture to inquire if there was no possibility of beholding that famous lady.

The servant surveyed the gentleman who had made so natural an inquiry: and, as his whole appearance conveyed an idea of generosity, he thought a little complaisance was only an adequate return for the golden key with which he opened the gallery door, where he had an hour before seen Marina enter.

Tudway, elate with his success, was bounding forward, when he beheld the marchioness. Respect for her dignity obliged him to retire: but his golden arguments prevailed upon the man to let him wait till she had quitted the gallery: for he declared he had a most immoderate passion for antiquities, with which the gallery, he had been informed, abounded. When the marchioness and Marina left it, he again entered, and was advancing with eager steps to the spot where he had beheld her —when he was detained by the prolix history of his conductor.—In vain he elaborately expatiated on the warlike achievements of those grim heroes: Tudway neither saw nor heard any thing, till his conductor came to the portrait of Colonel Mervil.—"Good God!" exclaimed Tudway—"how came Mervil here?"

"It is more than I can tell," replied the man. "I only know that my lady had it removed from Lord Darnley's, when she married his lordship. She values it more than any other picture in the house, our house-keeper says: but, as for my lord, he never comes here, because he wo'n't look at it."

"Damn him for an unnatural dog!" said Tudway in a rage. "Does he think the canvas can reproach him for his diabolical desertion of a worthy brother?"

The conductor was staring with wonder at Tudway's vehemence, when they were again interrupted by Lord Macduff.—Never was a rencontre more truly unfortunate.—His pale-faced lordship immediately recognised the daring citizen who was a candidate for the favor of his elected bride; and the dæmon of jealousy, with her cankering fangs, in an instant seised upon his heart. His soul, the mansion of suspicion, readily admitted the envenomed monster; and, with a look askance, he passed young Tudway, who was intrepidly surveying him, regardless of the hints of his conductor that they must quit the gallery, for his Lordship was my lord marquis'es friend: "and I fancy," said the man in a half whisper, "he'll be *summot* else soon."

"Will he?" said Tudway—"His son in law, I suppose?"

"Why, to be sure, as Mr. Steptoe says, one should not betray one's master's secrets: but you are such a generous gentleman, that I dare say you wo'n't mention it:—but he says (d'ye see?) that my lady Marina proposed it herself: and so, to oblige her, my lord marquis complied.—She is deadly sad, Mrs. Jeannette says, sometimes: and

Steptoe says as how it is for fear my lady marchioness wo'n't consent."

Tudway was thunderstruck: and, without uttering another word, he quitted the man, and immediately left the house.

The wary conductor remarked the effect his information had produced, and hastened to communicate it to his friend Steptoe. Steptoe flew with the intelligence to his lord: and, when Marina appeared at dinner with a countenance more animated than he had beheld it for some days, he immediately concluded it was the consequence of her having seen Mr. Tudway.—He resolved to be no longer awed by the chilling indifference of her manner; but to watch her narrowly; and, if he perceived any reason to suspect that she would meet Mr. Tudway again, to insist upon the immediate consummation of their marriage; after which, he should effectually secure her from any clandestine interviews with her lover.

At a loss to account for the alteration in Lord Macduff's manner, she felt her situation distressingly aukward: he was perpetually at her elbow; and she soon found, that, unless she confined herself entirely to her dressing-room, it would not be any longer possible to frown him into silence.—The marquis seemed to countenance the particularity of his attention; while the marchioness, by her inquisitive looks, appeared to be studiously endeavouring to develop the mystery of her conduct.

The peculiarity of her situation became, every hour, more distressing: she marked the increasing reserve of the marchioness, and at the same time was conscious of the impossibility of ever being able to remove the shade which obscured her actions.

Mrs. Montague beheld with sorrow the internal anguish of Marina's mind:—she beheld it with increasing pain, because she knew that no opposition could repel, no arguments remove the cause from which it originated. The assiduity of Macduff precluded even the consolatory offerings of friendship. Mr. Montague could find no opportunity of speaking to her: in vain he watched for a moment to assure her that she viewed Macduff with the eye of prejudice: he even accused the marchioness of severity and injustice, in treating so amiable a man with such visible contempt: but the honest heart of Mr. Montague, itself a stranger to guile, suspected not the duplicity which veils vice under the semblance of virtue.—Lord Macduff was too refined a master of artifice, not to behold the avenue which opened to Mr. Montague's mind:—he disclosed to him, in confidential secrecy, the passion which consumed him, and, by the ardor of his expressions, and the benevolence of his sentiments, half convinced him, that prejudice alone could prevent the happiness of so advantageous a connexion.—He anticipated with sanguine hope the return of Lord Delafonte, and the arrival of the Manbys, whose presence would divert the gloom which pervaded their society.

At length the desired moment came: Lord Delafonte returned; and the joy which illumined the features of Lady Marina as he entered the room, once more procured her a smile of complacency from the delighted marchioness.

"I began, my dear Delafonte," said she, "almost to despair of seeing you. To-morrow our days of celebration commence: but our happiness would have been incomplete, if you had been absent. You have been a sad wanderer; but I flatter

myself, that, like a true knight, you are returned faithful to your allegiance.—Come, Marina! we will indulge him with a lounge in our favorite gallery, where I hope he will give us a satisfactory account of his adventures."

Marina was transported: she quitted the side of Macduff with the winged alacrity of a bird, just released from the confinement of her cage.—The marchioness beheld the pearly drop of joy and gratitude hang on her blushing cheek, like the silver dew-drop on the blooming rose; and she reproached herself for having wounded such gentleness and sensibility. "Forgive me," said this excellent woman, as she took her passive hand, "for suspecting you capable of acting with duplicity: my heart may be won by ingenuousness; but it never can pardon deception."

Marina sighed from the oppressive consciousness of meriting in appearance the hateful charge; and the asseveration of innocence, which she would have gladly uttered, died inarticulate on her lips.—Lord Delafonte, however, soon extricated her from her embarrassment by expressing his wonder at the marchioness'es conduct:—she explained the mystery, by telling him all she had heard from Marina, and eagerly inquiring the success of his embassy.—He replied that he had a letter for Lady Marina, which would, he dared to say, fully announce it: and, while she retired to the window to peruse it, he gave the marchioness a circumstantial detail of his visit.

Marina broke the seal with a trembling hand, and read the following words—

"*Dean-Wood*,

"The willow, which drooped at your absence, again raises her languid head; and Frances once more is reconciled to the haunts of solitude.

"For several days, my sweet cousin, I forsook our melancholy cottage at the approach of evening, and took my seat on the craggy stone whence I viewed the tracks of the carriage wheels, which conveyed you from us and Belvoir.—My good mother indulged me in my freaks, till her maternal anxiety suggested that the falling dew would injure the heath of her idle Fanny.—'I will go,' said I yester evening, 'for the last time.'—The tracks were surveyed with painful delight:—the valley was cheered by the mirth of the peasants: they had assembled to celebrate once more the discovery of their lord's daughter.—The lasses danced to the notes of the fiddle; and the lads in cheerful strains warbled their satisfaction. The last chorus vibrated upon my ear, when I discerned (sight unusual) a gay equipage pursuing the road of my contemplation. 'It is Marina,' I cried:—'she comes once again to enliven our solitude.'—I flew back with precipitation—and in transported accents announced it to my mother.—I heard the sound of the wheels: I ran to our little wicket, and was in a moment in the arms of my guardian, my second parent, Mr. Dupont. In the pleasure of this surprise, I forgot even you:—I hung upon his arm, and expressed the grateful joy I felt.

"Again the sound of a carriage caught my ear.—'Tudway is returned,' said I; and again I skipped to our little wicket: but, ah! Marina! what a form did I see before me!—I retreated in haste: it followed me; and in a moment I saw it at the feet of my mother.—'It must be Lord Delafonte,' she exclaimed, and sunk senseless on his shoulder.

"My cries were now incessant:

I know not what I uttered: but the agony with which I called upon her name, soon roused her senses.—She pressed me to her heart, and, with that mild benignity which diffuses itself at all times over her manner, she strove to apologise for the distress with which she perceived she had overwhelmed his lordship. I cannot repeat his answer: but it was at once soothing, noble, and generous.

"Could the spirit of my father have descended at that moment, it would have exulted in the son of his adored sister.—He has insisted upon my mother's acceptance of a deed of gift, in my opinion far too valuable:—he wished us to return with him to Hargrave Place: but my mother said she had not the honor of being known to Lady Delafonte.

"His delicacy is equalled only by his benevolence: he immediately apologised for the impropriety of his request, and said that Lady Delafonte should wait upon us in person.—He wishes us to quit Dean-Wood, and reside near him.—I tell him we shall be considered as savages imported from the wilds of America; that I know nothing of the world, and have never travelled beyond the bounds of the neighbouring cliffs.—Next winter, however, in spite of my reluctance, I am to be humanised in the world of worlds: we are to pass that season with Mr. Dupont and his sister in London.—I shall see you; and I must be happy.—My new cousin will tell you how much we love you.—Adieu!

"FRANCES MERVIL."

When Marina joined the marchioness, the latter expressed her mortification at not hearing from Mrs. Mervil.

"The agitation of her spirits," said Lord Delafonte, "would not suffer her to write: but she lives in the hope of meeting you in London."

"Perhaps," said the marchioness, "you may see her before that time."—A servant here entered with a message from the marquis; and Lord Delafonte and Marina were left alone.

(*To be continued.*)

Distant SIGHT.

THE following passage, from the late General Mackinnon's "Journal of the Campaign in Portugal," is worthy of notice.

I have heard it remarked (by Humboldt, I think) that the air, in parts of South America, is so very transparent, that you can distinguish the white garment of a man at (I think) fifteen miles' distance; I have made the same remark in this country: I could, from the top of a mountain, distinguish, with the naked eye, a white house, where I happened to lodge at Castello Roderigo; and the distance could not be less than thirty-six miles in a direct line. This would not be credited by a person only acquainted with the English atmosphere, where, in the finest day, with some difficulty, you discern St. Paul's from the hill between Egham and Englefield-Green.—August 17th, I again visited my hill; and, to corroborate what I have before said, I could distinctly see the French batteries firing upon Almeida, and the garrison returning the fire. The sound was not heard. The distance from Almeida is not less than thirty-two miles, in a direct line.

Gratified, yet not Satisfied.

"Man never *is*, but always *to be*, blest."

MATILDA Donaldson, at the age of eighteen, was taken home from school, to superintend the household of her father, who had been several years a widower. Mr. Donaldson was a most indulgent parent: but, since the loss of a wife whom he tenderly loved, he had relinquished his

former domestic habits, and become what is commonly denominated a *bon vivant*. Matilda was moderately accomplished, and generally deemed handsome. Her mind was better cultivated than is usually the case with girls of her age; and, possessing a good natural taste, with a fondness for literary pursuits, she passed those hours which most girls devote to frivolous amusement, in the more profitable occupation of mental improvement, yet not without the error of imbibing a few romantic notions, which subjected her at times to the raillery of those who viewed life through the less flattering medium of experience and observation.

"Tell me, Matilda," said her father to her one day, "what sort of a man you would prefer for a husband. I know several, whom I should consider as eligible: but, before I encourage or recommend any one of the number, I am desirous of learning what ideas you have formed on the subject, and what qualifications you would esteem most essential to your comfort in a matrimonial establishment: for, at your age, it is probable you have given the subject a thought."

Matilda smiled. "I will not be so prudish as to deny that I have, sir," she replied: "but perhaps you would think me a visionary, were I to tell you exactly what I think would be necessary to constitute my felicity."

"*Felicity*, my dear girl, is rather a strong term: cannot you be content with the word *comfort?* for I believe, that, in general, those who are most eager in search of *felicity*, fall short even of the advantage I have named."

"I hope not, sir: but we will not cavil about a word; and therefore to the point.—My sketch of *hap* . . . . . I mean *comfort*—is this. I wish to meet with a person of agreeable manners, cheerful temper, and good moral character—one, who has been well educated, and is in easy circumstances. I should then, without doubt, find my choice sanctioned by your approbation.—It is also my wish to retire from the bustle of London, to reside entirely in the country, where I should have an opportunity of doing a little good to others, and the satisfaction of enjoying my husband's society, without fear of impairing our fortune, health, or morals, by habits of dissipation. I should educate my children under my own eye, and regulate my domestic affairs according to our circumstances;—select my acquaintance from the most respectable of our neighbours, and enjoy unmolested the privacy I should sometimes desire. These are advantages, which can only be secured by a residence in the country; and they are such as I most eagerly covet."

"A very rational plan indeed," observed Mr. Donaldson. "All this sounds well, Matilda: but I fear you will not find it quite so practicable as you imagine. However, we shall see. I have a young man in my eye, who answers your description to a tittle: and perhaps I may not be very far from the truth, if I venture to say that your thoughts glanced at Maitland, when you drew the picture of your spouse elect: but has he made any advances, child?"

Matilda blushed deeply, as she replied, "I am hardly sure whether my confidence on this head would not be premature: but be assured, my dear father, that I shall not decide for myself, when an answer is required."

"You are my own ingenuous girl," said Donaldson, affectionately kissing her; "and I have the satisfaction of telling you, that Maitland has already applied to me, and, knowing your wish to reside in the country, has

been treating for a neat little mansion, which, in case of your approbation, he means to engage or purchase."

The animated countenance of Matilda beamed with pleasure at this unexpected piece of information; and, in a short time, every thing was arranged. She accompanied her father and Maitland to view the neat cottage destined for her future residence: it was entirely to her taste; and, at the expiration of six weeks, Matilda became a wife.

The first part of her wish—the wish, probably, of every young lady of her age—thus happily accomplished, the gratification of the remainder appeared highly probable. But a few intervening obstacles arose, which she had not anticipated, and which served ultimately to convince her, that the attainment of even our most reasonable wishes will not effectually secure our happiness, if we inconsiderately suffer the trivial interruptions and vexations, which must unavoidably interfere with our best plans, to rob us of that most valuable of all possessions—content.

Maitland had but one failing—if even his weakness in the unlimited fondness he displayed for his wife, merited so harsh a name; and that failing was the facility with which he consented to indulge her every wish, however inconsistent with his interest or convenience.

It was in the month of August that they first took possession of their new residence. The season was delightful; and nature in her full luxuriance throughout the vegetable kingdom. Matilda was enchanted with the novelty of her situation, and fancied herself in a new Paradise. The transition from a noisy crowded metropolis, to the tranquil delights of rural ease and elegance, must fill the most apathetic breast with pleasurable sensations, and, to a romantic mind, is most exquisitely enchanting. But it is perhaps true in most cases, that those sensations are experienced only while the novelty lasts; though the duration of its attraction is protracted or abridged according to the peculiar turn of mind possessed by the person enjoying, rather than by the nature of the objects enjoyed.

For two or three months, Matilda found sufficient employment in arranging and regulating her domestic establishment. The house, although ready furnished, was still susceptible of improvement: the garden required considerable alteration; and Matilda declared it would be completely to her mind, when arranged according to her orders, if her husband would agree to erect an alcove or summer-house, to which they might retire on a summer's evening, and where she could occasionally sit to work or read. This was accordingly done; and the project was attended with considerable expense: for scarcely was it erected on the spot she had pointed out, when her near neighbour, whose *taste* unfortunately happened to be very different from hers, took it into his head to build a hog-sty in the adjoining garden, directly under her neat alcove. The inconvenience, arising from this unpleasant vicinage, was too great to be endured; and a removal of the edifice became necessary. Accordingly it was removed to as great a distance from her swinish neighbours, as the extent of the ground would allow: and, in its re-edification, various improvements were made upon the original plan, which rendered it perhaps the neatest and most commodious summer-house within a circuit of ten miles.

But, while Matilda had been engaged in planning and superintending those improvements, a Mr.

Maltby, who lived at a short distance from her cottage, had, unknown to her, been carrying into execution certain improvements of a different kind in some extensive out-houses on his premisses: and, as chance so directed, both parties had completed their projected works about the same time. The consequence of this unlucky co-incidence was, that, before Matilda had enjoyed her new summer-house above one week, Mr. Maltby commenced his operations, as a petty brewer of table-beer. The smoke from his brew-house was found extremely annoying, whenever the wind happened to blow in the adverse direction; from which cause, together with other concurrent circumstances, the summer-house was now seldom visited by its disappointed mistress: and, as the days drew in, and the evenings became cold and wet, the garden lost all its charms for Matilda.

She had entreated her husband to keep poultry, protesting that nothing would give her so much pleasure as to feed and rear them; and, for a short time, she was certainly indefatigable in her attention to them. But she now found it both irksome and unpleasant to go into a dirty yard, when the weather was wet; and therefore she relinquished the charge to a servant, who, having numerous other claims on her time and attention, frequently neglected the fowls; and, in consequence, the poultry-yard was soon in a condition far from flourishing.

Mrs. Maitland had also promised herself the highest gratification in harvest-time, when she could walk abroad among the reapers, and witness their innocent sports: for, reared and educated entirely in London, she knew the country only from the descriptions of those fascinating but delusive poets, who paint the charms of rural merriment in much more flattering colors than truth and actual observation will warrant. In fact, she found nothing particularly congenial to her taste, in standing exposed to the rays of a scorching sun, looking at a set of coarse rustics cutting down the corn, and binding it in shocks. She saw not one "Lavinia" among the ragged sun-burned gleaners, and listened in vain for the "rural talk, the rural scandal, and the rural jest," which was to "fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, and steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away."—The rural talk she heard was an almost unintelligible jargon in the provincial dialect; and the rural jest was such as she could not with any propriety listen to, or be amused by: and she turned with disgust from the rude gaze of the stupid clowns, and the malignant leers of the bold wenches, who even ventured to make the most impertinent remarks in her hearing.

Matilda now began to be weary of that retirement to which she had intended to devote herself. Even her favorite amusement of reading now failed to afford her a resource against *ennui*. Much as she delighted in books, she felt little inclination to read the same works over and over again in one unbroken round of repetition: with the contents of the volumes in her own limited library she was, as she conceived, sufficiently acquainted; and she wished for novelty: but literary novelty was, in her situation, nearly unattainable; for, though there was in her neighbourhood a sort of circulating library, it was quite destitute of those new publications which would have suited her taste, but of which she could not obtain even a momentary sight, without actually sending to London to purchase them.

"I think, my dear Maitland," said

she to her husband, "this is a very stupid place: and now, that the winter is coming on, I shall be moped to death. We must keep a little company, to enliven us: whom shall we invite?"

"Choose your own acquaintance, Matilda," replied he, smiling. "It was never my wish to immure you from society. If you can but please yourself, you will be sure to please me."

Matilda accordingly took proper measures to form what she considered a select circle of acquaintance; and her first party consisted of eight genteel neighbours, male and female, married and unmarried.

(To be continued.)

The Highland Hermitage.

(Continued from page 269.)

Mr. Middleton, to Philip Sydney, Esq.

Thou wonder-working Providence, whose ways, though often mysterious, are always just—would man, frail man, only wait with patience the issue of thy decrees!—The latter days of the Laird of Calderwood will be happier than the meridian of his life: he will breathe his last sigh in peace on the bosom of his son. Yes, Sydney, that son, so long lost, so long lamented, is returned to receive a blessing from his aged father, and to see him enter cheerfully the vale of death.

On the morning after I had dispatched my last letter to you, my two friends came early to my lodging. The eager curiosity of Mr. La Roche to go to the hermitage prevented his paying that attention which he otherwise would have done, to the neatness and regularity of my abode.—We hastened our breakfast, and set out on our excursion.

Mr. Fortescue, who had never been in this country, was struck with wonder and admiration at the sight of the stupendous rock through which we passed.—When we arrived, I conducted the gentlemen into the house, and left them there, while I went in quest of the laird, to prepare him for the reception of his new visitors.

I found him, as usual, on his favorite bench, and more collected than I had seen him for some time. He received my salutation most affectionately, and told me that he had, in his sleep, been very much troubled about my friends, and asked me if I had brought them with me.—I answered that they were waiting in his house, for his permission to be introduced to him. He bade me bring them immediately to him, ere the lassitude, which so often pervaded his faculties, should render him incapable of receiving of them as he wished.

I flew back to the house, and quickly returned, accompanied by Mr. La Roche and Fortescue. When we had got within a few paces of the bench, on which the laird was seated, I felt the hand of Mr. La Roche (for he leaned on my arm) tremble violently. I looked up in his face, and saw his eyes fixed with a wild intenseness on the venerable hermit, while his countenance changed, and became pale as death. I was exceedingly alarmed: but, before I could speak, he exclaimed, "Gracious heaven! it is—it is my father!" and was at his feet in a moment, clasping both the laird's hands with a kind of convulsive agony.

The poor old man, who had not strength, either of body or mind, to support this violent transport, turned his head from the kneeling La Roche, and, in a terrified voice, called upon me to protect him from that strange man.

Agitated beyond any thing you can conceive, with one arm I supported his feeble frame, while the

other mechanically encircled the neck of Mr. La Roche.—The laird once more ventured to cast his eyes on the stranger: but the ray of intellect, which had lately animated them, was fled; and he gazed on him with a vacant unmeaning stare.

This sad sight seemed to shake the soul of La Roche. "O my father! my father!" cried he, wringing his hands. "Poor old man! do you not know me? Is there not one trace of recollection left? My God! illumine his exhausted mind with a ray of light, that he may, ere he dies, know that I am his son—his own Archibald—the adopted son of his friend, his Hamilton."

These sounds, often repeated, at last caught the ear of the venerable old man. He started; but, as if uncertain, pressed me closer to him, feebly uttering, "What does he say, Middleton?"

La Roche in an agony again repeated the words that seemed to interest his father:—the laird replied, fixing his eyes intently on him, "You call yourself my son, my Archibald? No! no! poor man! you are mistaken. My Archibald died many years ago."

The tears now traced each other fast down La Roche's cheeks; and the sight had a very visible effect in arousing the feelings of his father. He gradually withdrew his hold of me: he let fall first one hand, then the other, on the shoulder of the kneeling Archibald, and bade him speak again; "for, surely," cried he, "thy voice did sound like the voice of my Archibald."

La Roche, delighted at the recovered reason of the laird, was so pathetically eloquent, and so distinctly mentioned a number of particular circumstances that could be known only to the father and son, that the laird at length strained him in his feeble arms, exclaiming, "O my son! my son! thou canst be no other than mine and my Hamilton's Archibald."

What followed, Sydney, would ill bear description.—The laird, much exhausted, we supported to the house, and left him to the care of his son. Fortescue and I returned to M'Leod's, where we passed the night; and the next morning we went early to the hermitage. I was particularly anxious to learn the circumstances that had so long separated Mr. La Roche and his father. Take the tale then, Sydney, as I heard it from himself, continued from the conclusion of that part of the laird's history where he received the intelligence from the clerk respecting the death of his son*. "That clerk," said Mr. La Roche, "I make no doubt, you conclude to have been a villain. He was a most execrable one—the more so, as my trust and confidence in him was unlimited; and I had taken care to leave him in such a situation, that, in a few years, he might with honor have realised a respectable independence.

"The ship that was to have conveyed me to Europe, had already taken in her lading, and waited but for me to come on board, when I was prevented by that fever which so nearly proved fatal to my existence. Contrary, however, to every one's expectations, I recovered; and the first thing I heard, when I was capable of making inquiries, was, that my trusty clerk had absconded as soon as he found that I was likely to discover the arrangement he had made in my affairs.

"I was, as may well be imagined, extremely alarmed at this account, as it was a breach of trust which I did not expect from a young man whom I thought attached to me by

* See page 597 of our last Volume.

the double tie of affection and interest. As he had the management of all my concerns, I made no doubt that he had carried off a considerable part of my property: nor was I mistaken; for, upon looking over my papers, I found them in the utmost confusion, and (as I had suspected) a very large sum of money missing. I was cruelly chagrined, not only for the loss I had sustained, but for the uneasiness of my father, when he should find that I did not arrive at the time appointed.

"The ship, which had waited for me to the last moment, had sailed at the time when I was thought to be in the agonies of death. As my affairs were so deranged by the villany of my clerk, I found that it would be impossible for me to quit India for a considerable time: and, as there was never a vessel bound for Europe that would sail for some months, I could not acquaint my father with this unfortunate circumstance.

"At length, having surmounted all my difficulties, I embarked on board the ship that was to waft me to that country for which my soul so long had sighed: and when, after a fatiguing voyage, I was safely landed on my native shore, I instantly flew to the dwelling of Mr. Hamilton, where I had left my father; but, to my great mortification, I found that well-known abode inhabited by a family who were strangers to me, and who could not give me the least intelligence concerning my father.

"Thus cruelly disappointed, I made inquiries for him in every direction, and spared neither pains nor money to obtain intelligence concerning him, whether living or dead: but my efforts proved fruitless; and my utmost diligence of research procured me no tidings of my unhappy parent.

"Weary at length of the unavailing pursuit—dejected and spiritless—I knew not what further steps to take. I considered myself as the most forlorn being in existence, and often thought to how little purpose I had spent my youth in the burning clime of India, to acquire wealth, when I had not a friend to share it with me. But I was at that season of life when nature requires the enjoyment of social pleasures, and does not easily give way to ideas of sadness. I therefore determined to visit the British metropolis, and, by partaking of its amusements, endeavour to dissipate my chagrin.

"In the ship in which I returned to Europe, was a gentleman, a passenger like myself, a well-informed and agreeable man. As our passage was a long one, I had an opportunity of cultivating an intimacy with him; and we parted with mutual promises of renewing our acquaintance at some future time.—Having a direction where to find him in London, the first thing I did on my arrival there was to repair to his house, where I experienced a warmth of reception congenial with my ideas of friendship. This good man strove, by every tender attention, to alleviate my anxiety, and hurried me from one public place to another, to divert the melancholy ideas that never left me, of an unhappy parent pining away his life in solitude and distress.

"My friend's wife was an amiable and cheerful woman; and, through her incessant attention to me, I never felt myself so happy as in her society. But there was an object there still more amiable, still more charming than my agreeable hostess. My friends had a young lady residing with them as their ward—a young and lovely woman, who, but for them, would have been thrown

unprotected on the world, without a friend or a shilling of property. They took pity on her defenceless innocence, and educated her with all the care and tenderness of the fondest parents: and she amply repaid them by her unremitting assiduity and attention. This fair one gave birth, in my bosom, to a sentiment which I had never before experienced. This gave a new turn to my thoughts, and inspired me with an ardent desire of rendering myself agreeable to my fair enslaver.—I soon found that my charmed soul knew no happiness out of her society; and her behaviour to me was such as gave me hopes that she would not hear my tale of love with indifference.

"It was now for the first time that I thought on my large fortune with satisfaction: it was now of value to me, as it put it in my power to raise a beloved woman from obscurity to affluence. But, not to be tedious in describing a period of my life, which my mind still loves to dwell on, I wooed and won the fair Maria, and was made happy in the possession of a most amiable and deserving woman.

(*To be continued.*)

The Mother's Grave.

(From "*Adelaide, or the Counter-Charm.*")

(*With a Plate.*)

"She shall have something from the garden" (said Mr. Mordaunt)—"What shall the gardener send you in, child? What do you like best?"

"Flowers, sir," replied Adelaide, softly, and blushing to the eyes.

"What, you ninny! better than fruit?"

"A great deal, sir."

"That is innocence, guided by temperance, indeed. Why, child, you will never have the gout.—Tell the gardener to send in some peaches, and a small, sweet nosegay, but without any of his plaguy thorns to hurt the child; and order him, also, to send down a basket of the best flowers every day to Mr. Falkland's, for his little ward."

Adelaide's grateful rapture was portrayed on her countenance; but with it was combined emotion that puzzled Falkland to define. Eagerly she whispered him to thank Mr. Mordaunt for her; and, when the fruit and flowers were brought in, while Adelaide ate a peach, Mordaunt carefully examined the bouquet, to be assured it was devoid of thorns.

The shower having totally subsided, leaving no apprehension from appearances of a successor, Falkland and his ward took leave of Mr. Mordaunt, who desired "that dear child might never again be left outside his door, since she should always find a welcome within it."

At length, as they pursued their ride, coming to the verge of a long hill, Falkland slackened his pace to a sober walk, which he always did when Adelaide was his companion; and, as they now began to descend the declivity, he laid his hand upon the pommel of her saddle, and, anxiously reading her countenance as he spoke—

"Adelaide, my sweet child!" he said, "you are so ingenuous in all your words and actions, that I am seldom at a loss to account for any of them; but your conduct relative to flowers, I own, has puzzled me."

Adelaide's face became tinted with one of her brightest blushes; and violent emotion, agitating her frame, was visible to her observant guardian, who continued—

"Relative to no other thing have I discovered in you a symptom of inconsistency: it seems a darling passion of your heart to acquire them.

You toil in your own little garden to rear them; you overcome the natural timidity of your nature to solicit for them, where I believe you would sooner die than assume courage to ask any other favor; yet, as fast as they grow in your own ground, you crop them; the moment you obtain them from others, you disregard them, since never do you effect their preservation; for not one room in my house, not even your nursery, is ever decorated with a flower of yours; never do I recollect having seen in water one belonging to you."

"Oh! my dear, dear fostering parent!" exclaimed Adelaide, melting into tears, "you will not chide me for the only secret I ever kept from you: you will not forbid my heart's prized pleasure, if I tell you all?—My flowers go, fresh as I get them, to—to strew my mother's grave."

"Chide you! Deprive your heart of its filial gratification! No, sweet child of tenderly cherished duty and affection, no!" exclaimed Falkland, sensibly affected.—"But tell me, my own Adelaide, how has this sweet incense of your affectionate heart been effected? How did you procure permission to enter the castle cloister?"

"It is all done by stealth, papa; and that is the cause I kept it secret from you, fearing you would disapprove. It is a long, a very long time, since I heard nurse and Dennis lament they could gain no admission into the castle cloister, to weed their dear mistress'es grave, and to strew it with fresh flowers daily; and then they talked, papa, of how the village girls in Ireland strewed the graves of those they loved; and so I longed to do so too; for well I loved mamma. All this I cherished in the memory of my heart; for there, when I thought of it, I found the recollection always lay; and often, when I walked the pasture ground with nurse and Dennis, (which is their favorite walk, because a wall only divides them from their loved mistress'es grave) how I have envied the birds, and wished for wings too, that I might fly over the barrier with a rose, or a carnation, or a sprig of myrtle in my bill, to lay on the turf that covered my own mamma: and I have thought I need not be afraid of sportsmen's guns while so employed, for that spirits from heaven would turn each shot into dew-drops, to refresh the flowers which a child toiled to lay on the grave of a parent.

"But at last, papa, one evening, as we walked, Dennis discovered a chasm in the wall, hid from immediate observation by a screen of ivy, and, through this chink, could plainly be seen the little tablet, as mamma ordered it for herself, with—with simply, 'Poor Ellen' on it; so—so—so, papa, Den—Dennis, sir, showed this to nurse; and sadly, bitterly they wept, and so did I; for they showed it to me; and having once seen the grave, how I longed to get to it, to kiss and kiss 'Poor Ellen' on the tablet! You thought I was sick then, my own, kind guardian; but other things can destroy one's appetite, one's bloom, and rest.

"But at last I contrived to speak to little Mary Ashford, quite alone, and promised her my best doll, if she would look under all the ivy within her reach on the wall of the pasture-ground, to discover a chink wide enough to admit me: and she found one, sir, and quite low down; and then I watched so anxiously an opportunity to steal from you and nurse: but I could not effect my purpose until you went to Major Walsingham, at Winchelsea; and then I was so frightened! Oh! how I was frightened at stealing out to do

any thing unknown to you and nurse! and so I never, never dared to venture again; but little Mary—who was my companion that day, and whom I taught not to feel fear at my gentle mother's grave, and showed how to put the loose stones in and out of the hole, to prevent dogs or pigs from getting in to do mischief—Mary, sir, has since kept the grave weeded, and daily strews my flowers there. I told her I would teach her to read and work, if she would do this, and tell no one but her mother. Mary loved to learn; and so she agreed; and so that is the reason, papa, she comes every day to me to teach her, and that I am so anxious not to disappoint her, since she pays me for her schooling."

Falkland, affected by her little narrative, and the tones in which she uttered all, snatched her hand, and pressed it with the fervor of paternal sympathy, as he feelingly exclaimed—

"Sweet, affectionate Adelaide! how, each hour, you rise in my estimation! How, each day, each moment, my vain wishes gather strength that I was indeed your papa—that you were my own daughter, sweet child of excellence!"

Upon the susceptible Adelaide this effusion of her guardian's approbation had its agitating influence; and several minutes elapsed, ere she found sufficient composure to proceed.

"But, my tender, fostering parent!" she at length feelingly articulated, "I must not omit to tell you another alarm I sustained, the sadly happy day I ventured into the castle cloister. Sir, after I had kissed and kissed mamma's sweet name upon the marble, and wept for her, until the love I bore my father, too, led me to sit down on the foot of mamma's lone resting-place to weep for both the treasures I had lost; as I did so, my face was turned towards that massy door which shut out poor Ellen from her husband's side; and at length, to my utter dismay, the door slowly unclosed; a very tall man, with a handkerchief to his eyes, came forth; when, the moment I beheld him, I flew from my station, and hid behind the tablet; but Mary (who was busily employed, weeding, and did not perceive him as soon as I did) the instant she saw him, shrieked, believing, I think, papa, he was a spirit.

"Instantly the gentleman angrily demanded, 'why she dared intrude upon his sacred sorrows, and what she was doing there?'

"Poor Mary, only comprehending his latter question, answered, 'Weeding Madam Bouverie's grave, and strewing it with posies.'

"Upon his demanding by whose orders she did so? I thought, as I had led little Mary into this fault, if it was one, I ought to answer for the consequence myself; so I emerged from my sad, sad screen, and said, as well as my stifled sobs would let me—'I hoped he would not be angry with Mary, for mine was the transgression; and, if he had a dead mamma, he could feel for me, and not be angry with a little girl for strewing flowers upon her mother's grave.'

"As I spoke, papa, he started, and gave me such a piteous look, he made my tears all gush out again; when, opening his arms, he said something I did not quite comprehend: but it was like an afflicting remembrance that I had awakened; and yet he called me to him.

"But in this moment a lady rushed into the cloister through a door from the castle, calling out so harsh-

ly, 'Oh! brother, brother, why will you indulge in this romantic weakness?'

"'Hide, children, hide!' exclaimed the gentleman. 'Await me here, and I will return in a few moments.'

"So then, sir, he hastily left the cloister; and so did Mary and I; for we were so terrified at the tones of the lady's voice, that we feared she would have us punished, if she found us there; and above all, papa, we apprehended, should we wait his return, he would ask us how we got in; and, as we could not tell an untruth, he would have the chink stopped up; and then no more flowers could be strewed upon my mother's grave."

The Soul *immortal.*

(Extract from "The Victim of Intolerance, or the Hermit of Killarney," by Major Torrens.)

I am not entitled (says O'Connor, the hero of the tale) to pass judgement upon atheists; for I once was one. But the ardent spirit of inquiry, which occasioned me at first to doubt, led me at length to more clear convictions, and a firmer belief. Escaping from the trackless deserts, the wilds of skepticism immeasurably spread—the order, the arrangement, the harmony of nature touched my heart again. Newborn beauties smiled in every scene; an informing spirit breathed in every grove. I no longer regarded myself as an unconnected atom floating for a moment on the troubled waves of chance. I felt that I was a link in being's chain, a part of an ordered whole, performing allotted functions, acted upon and acting. New sympathies inspired, new affections warmed me. My sentiment of awe for the Creator caused me to respect his creatures; and all the affections that connected me with man, carried my spirit to his Maker. He who would look upon nature with a cheerful, or on humanity with a benevolent eye, must cherish religious sentiments. I speak from sad experience. Infidelity is cold, disconsolate, and unsocial. . . . .

When the belief of invisible intelligent power has once been formed, we are led, by a natural and easy transition, to conceive, that, when the visible body perishes, the invisible intelligence that pervaded it, may continue to exist. Indeed, the belief in a future state of being has been almost as universal as the belief in the existence of a God; and the induction which leads to it, is almost as obvious. My friend lies cold and motionless in death. The form remains; the features are as yet unchanged; but where is the intelligence that lately lit them up? Oh! where is that which heard me when I called; which felt my feelings, and returned my love? It is fled, it is gone. But whither has it fled, and where does it reside? I will seek it in its favorite haunts: I will meet it in the grove where we have strayed. Surely it will hear me still, and still return the love it has inspired. When the earth is veiled in night, it will be near me. When abstracted from the idle tumult of the world, in solitude and silence it will hold communion with my spirit. Thus Nature speaks; thus, in all ages, has she spoken. By a process obvious, and almost instinctive, the anguished heart gathers consolation; and the ardent affection, which for a season had been plighted here, attains the hope of being renewed hereafter. And does Philosophy destroy this hope? does she withdraw each sun-beam from the heart of sorrow, and fix the tears of love in despair's eternal frost? Oh! no; she is not that un-

relenting enemy to man. Her genuine lesson strengthens the hope which uninstructed Nature gave. She retraces the inductions, which, formed when the understanding is unable to attend to its own operations, are often in danger of being mistaken for irrational impulse, or the prejudice of education, and gives the seal of conviction to our instinctive and unpremeditated judgement. No particle of matter perishes. The elements of things, whatever form they may assume, or into whatever combination they may enter, continue in substance the same; and uniform experience convinces us, that, in the natural world, no particle or atom, that has once existed, can ever cease to be. Hence, finding that all things which come within the knowledge of the senses, are indestructible, the mind is led to believe that things which affect not the senses are indestructible also. That which is solid and extended, is ever-during; that which feels and thinks, we naturally conclude to be the same. Uniform and universal experience assures us that the essence of body cannot perish; and it is the legitimate deduction from this experience, that the essence of mind is immortal. When the visible form of my friend moulders and melts away, and the particles that composed it evade my senses, I know, that, in aërial fluid, it escapes aloft, retaining all its attractions, and forming other combinations: and, when his superior part no longer operates upon my mind through the organic medium with which it was conjoined, the legitimate induction from experience is, not that this superior part has perished, but that it has passed to other spheres, where all its functions and affections are retained, and where it may again unite with those it loved on earth. . . .

When we contemplate the sensitive creation, we find that the most admirable harmony prevails; that wherever a desire exists, there something is provided to gratify it; and that every instinct that is implanted leads its possessor to something connected with its well-being. Now, is the desire of immortality the only desire for which no gratification is provided? Is the impression, that the friends we loved have an existence after death (for this impression, if it result not from a clear and legitimate induction from experience, must be instinctive), the only natural impulse that is without an object, and that leads to nothing? If a new material substance were presented to me, I should, without examination, confidently conclude that it possessed a specific gravity; and, if asked my reason for doing so, I could only answer, "because all other matter that has come under my inspection has possessed this property, and because I cannot get rid of the inductive process, that the new substance possesses it also." In like manner, if, amid the sensitive creation, I discovered a new instinct, I should as confidently expect that it pointed to some attainable object connected with the well-being of its possessor; and, if asked to assign my reasons for such expectation, I could only answer, that all other instincts which had come within my knowledge were but means adapted to an end, and led directly to the attainment of the object at which they aimed. Hence we see that the moral inductions of natural religion are completely analogous to the physical inductions of natural science. The connexion of invisible intelligent power with the order and regularity observable in the universe, is as certain as the connexion of the principle of gravity with the movements of the planetary system; and

the immortality of the mind a legitimate deduction from the indestructibility of the body. If, as far as our experience extends, the desires resulting from the constitution of our nature have corresponding objects adapted to their gratification, then have we a full induction, that those we love on earth may be re-united to us in another world.—Oh! yes! the brother of my soul, the parent that guided my paths with the ceaseless solicitude of love, are not torn from me for ever. In the solemn stillness of the evening, their voices meet my ear: in the visions of the morning, their forms glide before me: in the abstraction of solitude, my soul feels conscious of their presence: and who will tell me that these suggestions were given to deceive? that the instinctive inductions of the heart are false? For aught that the skeptic can disprove, our departed friends may now be employed in offices of love. Oh! yes! in forms more attenuate than the viewless air, at this instant they may hover round us, conscious of, and rejoicing in the ardent, the eternal love we bear them.

Avarice *in* Females.

A male miser is oftener to be met with, than a female one. Men are thrown more into the way of money transactions, and naturally acquire a greater fondness for it, than the fair sex: yet we, now and then, find a female as penurious and parsimonious as the worst male miser in existence.—I may be wrong in my idea: but I have always thought, that, in much the same proportion as accomplishments are more interesting and valuable in women than in men; so any bad or vicious habit is more despised and abhorred in them. We are so pleased to look for, and to find, in woman, something approaching to perfection, that any thing detracting from it is doubly disappointing: and in this way, I think, covetousness and parsimony appear more despicable in females than in the other sex; not that I would be thought, in the most distant degree, an advocate for extravagance: economy is at all times desirable, extravagance never. Every one, male and female, should remember, that

> "Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long;"

and, remembering that, should avoid the misery of mind which will ever attend the covetous hoarders of money, from the very increase of that which they dote on: and, alas! who can tell,

> "How soon he must resign his very dust,
> Which frugal Nature lent him for an hour?"

Surely, the prospect of a futurity, to which a single moment may hurry us, and the certainty that, in the realms of bliss, worldly baubles will be unknown, should check this propensity.

> "Oh! my coëvals! remnants of yourselves!
> Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!
> Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
> Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
> Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?
> Shall our pale, wither'd hands be still stretch'd out,
> Trembling at once with eagerness and age?
> With av'rice and convulsions grasping hard?
> Grasping at air? for, what has earth beside?" *Young.*

But I am wandering from the more immediate subject of this essay—covetousness in females. Surely, if this passion seise the breast of a young woman, love and all its fine feelings must be utter strangers there: if Plutus has gained an ascendency, Cupid may draw his bow in vain,

and Hymen's torch fairly burn out, for aught she would care. Indeed I should conceive, that, where Avarice had become the settled inmate of a female bosom, none of the better feelings, the refined pleasures of human nature, could have a place. We know well, that, in aged females, it is much more common, than in young ones, but equally inexcusable; for, what Dr. Young, in the passage above quoted, says to aged men, would apply equally well to aged women. I would say to every female, "Shun extravagance, as your bane: but, in shunning it, avoid the opposite extreme, avarice; for that will equally make your mind miserable. Let your course be that happy medium, where economy shall add comfort to elegance, and leave only those reflexions upon the mind, that will at all times be a source of pleasure and delight."

I have ever thought it must be an avaricious feeling that could induce a lovely young woman to throw herself away on some titled or rich old man: certainly a thought of future comfort could never have been entertained by her; yet we every day see and hear of such sacrifices.

"Strange! that in lovely bosoms there should rage
The most detested vice of grasping age!
So vernal blossoms all their sweets impart,
But hide the hateful canker at the heart.
Shield me, oh! shield me from the female mind,
That, warp'd by wealth, no chains but gold can bind!
Though form'd by beauty with angelic mien,
She looks a goddess, and she moves a queen,
Her charms united never can supply
The tender bosom and the pitying eye.
More lovely far the plainest face appears,
Grac'd with the elegance of Virtue's tears;
And far beyond all wealth, the heart that glows
With the sweet sympathy of human woes."

J. M. LACEY.

The pawned GUINEA.

MUCH has been said, and much done, to prevent the sale of guineas for more than twenty-one shillings: and, whether the sale of a guinea be a moral crime or not, the laws consider it as a crime; and it therefore behoves all quiet and well-disposed persons to avoid the punishment annexed to a breach of those laws. What led me to a remark on this subject, was my accidentally meeting with what I thought a very curious circumstance relative to one of those strangers—a guinea. I walked, the other day, into a sale-room, where pawnbrokers' unredeemed pledges are sold by auction. Having obtained a catalogue, how great was my surprise, on looking over it, to find one lot to be neither more nor less than "*A Guinea!*" and, as is usual in the catalogues of such sales, the number of the duplicate was placed against it, leaving not a doubt that it had been actually pawned. The illustrious stranger was knocked down, as the law would say, for more than his value, that is to say, produced a sum above twenty-one shillings: but the general attendants at such sales, doubtless, knew, with Butler, that the value of a thing "is just as much as it will bring." I could not avoid entering into conversation with a person near me, relative to a transaction which I thought "passing strange:" and he immediately told me it was by no means so, for that the pawning of guineas had been no uncommon occurrence for some time past. I have but a stranger's assertion for this: but, that I saw one sold by public auction, which had been pawned, is most true. Surely, if it be a crime to buy or sell guineas for more than twenty-one shillings by private contract, it must be equally so to buy or sell them for more by public auction. L.

True Politeness.

Courtesy of behaviour, urbanity, politeness, or by whatever name we call it, is the art (and a happy one it is, when properly attained) of making people at once pleased and satisfied with us and with themselves, and is an accomplishment highly desirable, and of much value to every man, whether he be of superior rank, or move in the sphere of mediocrity.—Without the gloss of politeness, the very best education, though it loses none of its real utility, yet appears not with half the lustre which it otherwise would possess. The real or apparent pedantry and stiffness of many learned men robs them of the esteem which they really deserve, and which, if the rust of college habits were rubbed off, they would infallibly obtain from society in general.

The man of complete urbanity wins our esteem from the very moment that we first become acquainted with him, and grows more estimable, the more we are in his company, and enjoy his conversation; while the proud and gloomily reserved man seems like a tyrant, and is shunned accordingly by all but his slavish satellites; and they only attend upon him for the sake of some advantage, or they would shun him too.

True politeness, however, must not be confounded with that plausible base coin which only bears its name, but possesses none of its real character. An easy countenance, an affected smoothness of manner in addressing any one, words full of seeming kindness, the most studied complaisance of action, and eternal protestations of extreme friendship for all he meets, will not make a man of true politeness, unless he possesses internally that which he professes and seems to be by his external behaviour. It may pass off very well with the superficial observer: but the moment a want of sincerity is discovered, the man of sense will shun the paltry pretender to one of the most pleasing courtesies of life.

It is much to be lamented, that, in many circles, nothing more is looked for than the semblance of politeness: for what can be so ridiculous as the constant pretence of friendship, affection, and a whole host of fine feelings for each other, when it is notorious to themselves and all about them, that they care no more for each other, than any of them does for the distant inhabitant of Kamtchatka? When I know a man is not possessed of a little sincerity, his bows, his squeezings of the hand, his reiterated promises and professions of regard, and the whole catalogue of what is thought necessary to make a fine gentleman, pass but as the tricks of a paltry deceiver, and lose all their intended effect. But, when these civilities are known to be the emanations of an honest heart, then should I hail the possessor of them as a friend and brother; I should esteem him worthy of complete confidence, and place it in him accordingly; for I do consider, that, when I have found a man possessing good sense, good manners, and good nature, I have found a man of real politeness, and one worthy to be my best friend. J. M. Lacey.

Anecdotes of Peter *the* Great.

(*Continued from page* 283.)

Peter was born with a violent antipathy to water: but, as he wished to create a navy, and accustom a part of his people to live upon an element to which they were unused, and of which it was consequently necessary that he should not himself be afraid, he not only succeeded in conquering that aversion, but even conceived so great a passion for the water, that

one of his greatest pleasures was to perform the office of a pilot, and to undertake the management of small sloops and yachts. One day he invited all the foreign ministers to accompany him by sea as far as Cronstadt, where he was anxious to inspect some new works, in which he was greatly interested: and, as a part of his fleet was about to sail from that place, he was desirous that those gentlemen should be present at the spectacle.

They embarked in a small Dutch vessel, of which Peter acted as pilot. A favorable wind gently swelled the sails, and, for some time, nothing could be more prosperous than their navigation; when, all at once, a violent west wind arose; and Peter, perceiving at a distance a cloud which portended a tempest, prepared, though dissembling the danger, to oppose the storm, which soon burst forth with a fury that threatened to overwhelm the vessel. The ministers, with one accord, approached the Czar, and entreated him to land them near Peterhoff: but he refused their request, and, every time they renewed it, endeavoured to encourage them, by assurances that they had nothing to fear. Nevertheless the storm, accompanied with thunder and lightning, continued to increase; and the vessel, no longer manageable, and tossed up and down by the fury of the waves, appeared every moment to be threatened with destruction. Cries of distress were now heard on all sides: but Peter retained his firmness and presence of mind, and continued to oppose, by his skill and science, the violence of the storm. His affrighted companions again besought him to return or land; but the Czar, always in motion, giving his orders, and attending to the management of the vessel, did not even hear them, till at last Monsieur de Hoos, Polish and Saxon minister, bolder, because more terrified, than the rest, approaching him, said to him in a lamentable and serious tone, "I entreat your Majesty, for the love of God, to go back to Petersburg, or at least to land us on the nearest shore to Peterhoff, and to consider, that, as the king my master has not sent me to Russia to be drowned, if I should perish here, as it appears evident will be the case, your Majesty will be answerable to my court for my death." The Czar, notwithstanding his perilous situation, could not forbear laughing at these words, and coolly answered him, "Never fear, Monsieur Van Hoos. If you perish, we shall all perish together; and then your court will have nobody left to be accountable for your loss." Peter, however, finding it impossible to reach Cronstadt, gave up all thoughts of it, and, choosing a lucky moment, landed safely, though with some difficulty, at Peterhoff.

He was very fond of Limburg cheese; and, as all samples of it are not equally good, when he happened to eat of one he liked, he always ordered what was left to be kept for him until the next day; but he frequently observed, that, in this respect, very little attention was paid to his commands. One day, a delicious Limburg cheese was brought to his table; and, resolving, that, this time at least, he would have it reserved for his own use, or take his revenge for the loss of it, he seised a moment, when he was alone, and, drawing his compasses out of the mathematical case which he always carried in his pocket, measured exactly the dimensions of what remained of the cheese, and noted them down upon his tablets. When Velten * entered, the Czar said to him,

* His chief cook, a German.

"Velten, you have brought me an excellent Limburg cheese; I never tasted a better: put it aside; and let me have it again to-morrow." Velten bowed his head, and carried away the cheese. The next day, when the dessert was served up, the cheese also was put upon the table. Peter, at the first glance, thought it was much diminished since the preceding day; but, being desirous of satisfying himself upon the subject, he drew out his tablets, and, measuring the cheese with his compasses, perceived that more than half of it had been taken. He called Velten, and said to him, "Did I not desire you to keep this cheese for me?"—"Sire, I have not failed to do so; there it is."—"You have not failed? look," showing him his tablets; "yesterday there remained so much; I noted it down, as you see; now there is not half the quantity; you are a rogue, and a cheat, and care very little about pleasing me." Having said this, the Czar got up, and, taking his cane, gave Velten a beating, which was likely to render him, for the future, more careful, or less gluttonous.

The INITIALS *on Her Majesty's* STATE-CHAIR.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

On reading, in your last Number, the correspondence relative to the Princess of Wales's absence from the Queen's 'Drawing-Room, and observing the letter "*R*" subjoined to Her Majesty's name, as it is usually added to that of the King, I at first supposed, that, in her case also, it was meant for *Rex* [*king*], in imitation of the Hungarians, who gave the title of "*King*" to their *Queen*, the Empress Maria Theresa. My brother, however, who was just come home from school for the vacation, laughed at my mistake, and informed me, that the "*R*," added to her Majesty's name, is the initial of *Regina* [*queen*]. But, on my asking him the meaning of the "*R*" added to "*G C*" on the Queen's new state-chair, which has been noticed in the newspapers on occasion of that 'Drawing-Room, he owned himself unable to determine whether it was intended for *Rex* or *Regina*, or both; and, on consulting several other Latinists, I found them all equally at a loss to ascertain its meaning. I therefore request, Mr. Editor, that, if you can decide the question, you will be so obliging as to give the desired information, which will, I doubt not, be acceptable to many other of your readers, as well as to your humble servant,

Berkeley-square, HONORIA.
July 15.

⁂ The "*R*," subjoined to "*G C*," was intended (we presume) for *Reges*, the plural of *Rex*: for, however improper it might appear in English to say "*George and Charlotte, Kings of G. Britain*," it is by no means so in Latin: and *Honoria* may, in turn, laugh at her brother, if he does not know, that, in the language of ancient Rome, a masculine plural *substantive* (as well as *adjective*) includes both genders, as is likewise the case in some instances in English, viz. *Horses, Oxen, Dogs, Lions,* &c. and she may refer him to the last improved edition of the Abridgement of Ainsworth's Dictionary (that of 1813), where, under the words *Rex, Dominus, Socer*, and *Puer*, he will find examples of "*Kings*," for *king and queen*—"*masters*," for *master and mistress*—"*fathers in law*," for *father and mother in law*—and "*boys*," for *a boy and a girl*.—"*Reges*," therefore, on Her Majesty's

chair, is perfectly correct and justifiable; though it would have been more conformable to the Latin usage to employ "*RR*" for the plural, than the single "*R*." EDITOR.

REMEDY *for* WARTS.

THE following recipe, for the removal of those troublesome and unseemly excrescences, has been given in a periodic publication by an anonymous correspondent, who declares that he has witnessed its efficacy in numerous cases. — Take the shell called cowrie, better known by the vulgar appellation of "blackmoor's tooth:" squeeze upon it, in a small vessel, the juice of a lemon, which will dissolve the shell in about twenty-four hours; and the solution, frequently applied to the warts, will (it is said) cause them gradually to decay and disappear.—In copying this recipe, we do not pretend to vouch for its efficacy: but we can assert, from our own personal experience, that warts may be eradicated by the frequent application of *spirit of salt*, of which a single penny-worth (to be procured at any chemist's) will, in most cases, be sufficient. It may, however, be proper to observe, that spirit of salt cannot safely be kept in the same cupboard or closet with any articles of iron or steel, as the fume which evaporates from it, will rust them, even at a considerable distance, and completely destroy their polish, as we know by our own dear-bought experience.

CURE *for* CANCER.

ANOTHER anonymous writer gives the following recipe for the cure of cancer—"Make a poultice of white bread and milk, on which spread a quantity of yeast, after having laid it on a hair sieve, in order to obtain it as thick as possible; and apply the same to the part affected." The efficacy of this cataplasm was proved, as he asserts, in a case of inveterate cancer, actually condemned to amputation. Applied three times a day at first, subsequently twice, and afterward only once, it effected, as he asserts, a perfect cure.

VERMICELLI *from* POTATOES.

AN Agricultural Society in France have lately recommended a simple mode of preserving potatoes, which may be successfully put in practice, even at the season when they are beginning to sprout, and become unfit for common use. The process is as follows—

Let the potatoes be boiled, peeled, bruised, and kneaded to a paste, which being put into a tin tube of a couple of inches diameter, with the bottom full of small holes, is to be forced through the holes with a wooden rammer. It will thus fall in small threads in the shape of vermicelli, which are to be spread on sheets of paper to the depth of about an inch, and dried with a moderate heat, either in an oven or before the fire. When sufficiently dried, they may be put up in paper bags or boxes, where, if kept in a dry place, they may be preserved in a state of perfection for several years. The addition of one egg to three or four pounds of the paste will render it more firm, and give it a better flavour.

A bold and upright JUDGE.

MAJOR Stewart, in his "*History of Bengal*," relates the following memorable anecdote of Ghyas Addeen, one of the petty kings, or independent governors, of that country.

One day, while the king was amusing himself in the practice of archery, one of his arrows by chance wounded a boy, the son of a widow.

The woman immediately repaired to the tribunal of the Cazy, Suraje-addeen, and demanded justice. The judge was confounded, and said to himself, "If I summon the king to my court, I shall run the risk of being disobeyed; and, if I pass over his transgression, I shall be one day summoned before the court of God, to answer for my neglect of duty."—After much reflexion, he ordered one of his officers to go and summon the king, to answer the complaint of the woman. The officer, dreading to enter abruptly the palace with such an order, considered on some means to get introduced into the presence of the king. At length he ascended the minaret of the mosque adjoining the palace, and, at an improper hour, called the people to prayers. The king, hearing his voice, ordered one of his guards to bring before him the man who thus made a mockery of religion.

When the officer was introduced into the royal presence, he briefly related the circumstance, and concluded by summoning his majesty to the Cazy's tribunal. The king instantly arose, and, concealing a short sword under his garment, went before the Cazy; who, far from paying him any mark of respect, said to him with a tone of authority, "You have wounded the son of this poor widow: you must therefore immediately make her an adequate compensation, or suffer the sentence of the law."—The king then made a bow, and, turning to the woman, gave her such a sum of money as satisfied her; after which he said, "Worthy judge, the complainant has forgiven me."—The Cazy then asked the woman if such was the fact, and if she was satisfied; to which the woman having assented, was dismissed. The Cazy then came down from his tribunal, and made his obeisance to the king; who, drawing the sword from beneath his garment, said, "Cazy, in obedience to your commands, as the expounder of the sacred law, I came instantly to your tribunal: but, if I had found that you deviated in the smallest degree from its ordinances, I swear, that, with this sword, I would have taken off your head. I return thanks to God, that matters have thus happily terminated, and that I have in my dominions a judge who acknowledges no authority superior to the law."—The judge, taking up the scourge, said, "I also swear, by the Almighty God, that, if you had not complied with the injunctions of the law, this scourge should have made your back black and blue. It has been a day of trial for us both."—The king was much pleased, and handsomely rewarded the upright judge.

Utility *of the* Toad.

(*From Mr. Fothergill's "Essay on the Philosophy, Study, and Use, of Natural History."*)

The object of its existence is to destroy living insects and worms of almost every genus and species, that are not too large, which cross its humble path through life. And the manner in which it surprises and secures its prey, is peculiar to itself. Having a keen and watchful eye, and a steady piercing sight, but with very little activity, it generally steals upon its victim with such slow caution, and with so curious a gait, that the spectator is often reminded of the manner of a spaniel, or pointer, when he has first scented any game, and is endeavouring to get as near to it as possible—now crouching close to the earth, now elevating and advancing the head, now slowly moving one leg, and then another, till it has approached within a few inches of its prey; when its fine and ex-

pressive eye seems suddenly to lighten up, and dart forth glances of unusual keenness; and the victim is seised, and swallowed, with a motion so quick, that the eye of a spectator can scarcely follow it. The tongue of the animal is the instrument which is used upon this occasion; and it has many striking peculiarities, being wonderfully well adapted to accomplish the purposes for which it was intended. It is very long, slender, and singularly elastic; and is covered, particularly at the end, with a kind of glutinous saliva, to which the insect struck at closely adheres, and is thereby more readily and easily secured. But the most extraordinary character in the formation of this part of the animal is the situation of the tongue, and the manner in which it is fixed, and operates, in the mouth.

The basis of the tongue of a common toad is fixed just within the extreme tip of the lower jaw; and that organ lies backward, with the point toward the throat, when at rest, in a manner quite different from what I have observed in any other animal, but for a purpose that is very apparent; for, by this folding back of the tongue, the elasticity and quickness of its motion, and the glutinous matter at its pointed tip, an insect is seised and jerked into the throat in a wonderfully rapid and imperceptible manner; and it is reasonable to conclude, that, without this peculiar formation, and the celerity of movement of which the part is capable, all winged, or quickly moving insects, would escape the stroke.

As the toad frequently preys upon bees and wasps, whose stings are to be dreaded, the upper and lower jaw of this reptile are furnished with two protuberances, between which the bee, or wasp, that has had the misfortune to be seised, is almost instantaneously squeezed to death, in order to prevent any dangerous consequences from the sting, in the act of deglutition.

Nothing can be a stronger evidence of the part which the toad has to act in the creation, in respect to its prey, than that it uniformly refuses to eat a dead insect. A relative, and intimate friend of mine, has tried the experiment at many and various times, for the last twenty years, but could never succeed in inducing one of these animals to strike any thing that had not sufficient life to enable it to move. In order to try whether it was possible for hunger to conquer this aversion, he placed a vigorous toad in a large garden-pot; and, having counted into it a certain number of bees, newly killed, covered the top in such a manner as to admit some little air and light, but totally to exclude such insects as were likely for the toad to feed upon. At the expiration of six or seven days, he found that not a single bee had been touched, notwithstanding he was well aware that this insect, when alive, constitutes a very favorite species of food.

The havoc made by toads among the tribes of insects which constitute their food is very great; of which any one, who will take the trouble to place a tame and hungry animal of this species under a beehive, may be speedily convinced.

New MODE *of paying* RENT.

IN a debate in the House of Lords on the 13th of May, the Lord Chancellor mentioned a case, which had come under his own notice, of a clergyman, who went down to his living in the country, and found a handsome parsonage-house, much larger than he wanted, as he had no family. An attorney in the

place, with a large family, was living in a small convenient house, which he proposed to exchange with the clergyman, and reside at his parsonage. At the end of twelve months, when the attorney was applied to for the difference of the rent, his answer was, "I owe you nothing: but you owe me £110, the amount of penalty for non-residence." And his lordship added, that the attorney actually sued the clergyman for that sum, and recovered it!

Anecdote of JOSEPH LANCASTER.

WHEN Joseph Lancaster was in Ireland on one of his excursions, he received an invitation to dinner at the Castle in Dublin, the vice-regal residence. The ladies present were very well disposed to *quiz* the Quaker; and one of them, a beautiful young woman, attired in the fashionable style of semi-nudity, gravely addressing him after the cloth was removed, said, "Friend Lancaster, I drink to thy broad-brimmed beaver."—The Quaker, nothing abashed by this unexpected salutation, instantly replied, with great composure, "I thank thee, friend Anna Maria; and, in return, I drink to *thy absent handkerchief*."

REMEDY *for* AFFECTIONS *of the* LUNGS.

IN Baron Grimm's "Memoirs," an account is given, of an officer, who, in consequence of an obstinate cold, was affected with a serious pulmonary complaint attended with the expectoration of blood, and who accidentally discovered a remedy at once novel and effectual. Having occasion to seal a great number of bottles, he had half a pound of rosin and the same quantity of bees' wax melted over a brasier in his room for that purpose. The operation having lasted an hour and half, he found considerable relief from the fumes of the heated mixture; and, on repeating the experiment with close-shut doors and windows, he was perfectly cured in four or five days. The same process being tried on a soldier in his regiment, who was dying of a pulmonary complaint, his health was perfectly re-established in six weeks. —It is to be noted, however, that the Baron says he will "not be responsible" for the efficacy of this remedy.

A TAILOR'S DREAM.

MONSIEUR Castellan, in his "*Mœurs, &c. des Othomans*," relates the following anecdote of a Turkish tailor, who, like some Christians of the same trade, appears to have been over-fond of *cabbage*. —This man, while laboring under a dangerous malady, was terrified by an alarming dream—

He saw a flag of immense size waving in the air, and composed of pieces of all the different cloths which he had *cabbaged* for his private use. The angel of death held this flag in one hand, and, with the other, assailed the head of the thief with an iron club. The tailor, on awaking from this frightful dream, vowed, that, in case he should recover, he would be more honest for the time to come. He soon found himself restored to perfect health; and, as he distrusted his own resolution, he ordered one of his boys never to omit reminding him of the flag, whenever he was going to cut a piece of cloth. But, a great man having one day sent for him to make a robe of very costly materials, the temptation became too strong for him to resist. The lad in vain very vehemently urged him to remember the flag. "You quite pester me with your flag," said the knave. "There was no stuff like this in that which I saw in my dream; and, besides, I remarked, at the time, that something was wanting in that flag; and what I have now taken, will only supply the deficiency."

A curious MISCONCEPTION.

FROM Mr. Stephens's "Memoirs" of Mr. Tooke, we extract the following singular anecdote relative to a British em-

bassy sent to congratulate a new Emperor of Morocco on his accession to the throne.

The dragoman (or interpreter), on reading the letter of congratulation to this dread sovereign, made a pause of about three minutes at the end of each sentence, during which his imperial majesty repeated a few words in a solemn tone of voice; and he had no sooner ended, than the gentlemen of the embassy, following the interpreter, made a low bow, and returned thanks.

A midshipman, who had accompanied the mission from Gibraltar, and was then present, began to entertain some suspicions of the nature of the seeming compliment on the part of this august personage; and, having a good memory, and being an excellent mimic, determined, in a few days after, to try its effect on a boat's crew of Moors. But he had no sooner carried his resolution into effect, than they immediately drew their daggers, and would have killed him on the spot, had he not been rescued from their fury. On an explanation taking place, it was discovered, that the identical expressions, for which the gentlemen of the embassy had returned thanks by the most respectful obeisance, when translated into English, were strictly tantamount to the following salutation, which is the most execrable that can either be uttered or received on the part of a Mahomedan, viz. "You are all swine!"

A Superintending PROVIDENCE.

(*From Mrs. More's "Christian Morals."*)

IT is not easy to conceive a more deplorable state of mind, than to live in a disbelief of God's providential government of the world; to be threatened with troubles, and to see no power which can avert them; to be surrounded with sorrows, and discern no hand which can redress them; to labor under oppression or calumny, and no judge to vindicate us; to live in a world, of which we believe that its ruler has abdicated the throne, or delegated the direction to chance; to suspect that he has made over the triumph to injustice, and the victory to impiety; to suppose that we are abandoned to the casualties of nature, and the domination of wickedness; to behold the earth a scene of disorder, with no superintendent to regulate it; to hear the storms beating, and see the tempests spreading desolation around, with no influence to direct, and no wisdom to controul them; all this would render human life intolerable to human feeling. Even a heathen, in one of those glimpses of illumination, which they seemed occasionally to catch, could say, it would not be worth while to live in a world which was not governed by Providence.

It is, however, to be lamented, that this great doctrine of God's universal superintendence is not only madly denied or inconsistently overlooked by one class of men, but is foolishly perverted or fanatically abused by another. Without entering upon the wide field of instances, we shall confine our remarks to two that are the most common. First, the fanciful, frivolous, and bold familiarity, with which this supreme dictation and government are cited on the most trivial occasions, and adduced in a manner dishonorable to infinite wisdom, and derogatory to supreme goodness. The persons who are guilty of this fault, seem not to perceive, that it is not more foolish and presumptuous to deny it altogether, than to expect that God's particular Providence will interpose, in order to save their exertions, or excuse their industry; for, though Providence directs and assists virtuous endeavours, he never, by superseding them, encourages idleness, or justifies presumption.

The highly censurable use, to which some others convert this divine agency, is, when not only the pretence of trusting Providence is made the plea for the indolent desertion of their own duty, but an unwarrantable confidence in providential leadings is adopted to excuse their own imprudence. Great is the temerity, when Providence is virtually reproached for the ill success of our affairs, or pleaded as an apology for our own wilfulness, or as a vindication of our own absurdity, in the failure of some foolish plan, or some irrational pursuit. We have no right to depend on a supernatural interposition to help us out of difficulties into which we have been thrown by our misconduct, or under distresses into which we have been plunged by our errors. God, though he knows the prayers which we may offer, and accepts the penitence which we feel, will not use his power to correct our ill-judged labors, any otherwise than by making us smart for their consequences.

POETRY.

To a Butterfly.

Child of gay summer's warmest beam,
Thy life is but a halcyon dream,
In sportive pleasure sped.
To ev'ry Zephyr you unfold
Your brilliant wings of burnish'd gold,
Nor feel a pang of dread.

But, if wild tempests round thee rise,
And clouds obscure yon beamy skies,
Thy transient bliss is o'er:
Thy brightest beauties fade away;
And summer's sweetly-smiling day
'Tis thine to hail no more.

How like to this is man's short race!—
When Pleasure proffers her embrace,
And spreads each luring charm,
He gaily flutters in her train,
Nor thinks of sorrow, want, or pain,
Nor feels one sad alarm.

But, when the fiend of want appears,
To fill his trembling soul with fears,
The siren, Pleasure, flies,
While her weak vot'ry droops dismay'd;
And, sinking low in sorrow's shade,
He, broken-hearted, dies.

J. M. Lacey.

Elegy on Mary Henly, *who died, May 19th,* 1814, *aged* 11 *Years.*

May! I have wept, when ruthless winds have torn
Thy op'ning blossoms from the parent bough:
Now, 'midst thy sweets, my pensive Muse must mourn;
For, ah! a blossom—sweet and fair, as thou,
To charm us, couldst in all thy pride bestow—
Fades from our aking sight, by Death's fell hand laid low.

Alas! uncertain as the meteor's glare,
Or the bright tints of heav'n's swift-changing bow,
Are human joys! Hope paints the future fair:
But, when the sad reality of woe
Rends the sick heart, the dear deluder flies,
As Sol his [illegible] withdraws, when angry storms arise.

Sweet innocent! long, long, shall mem'ry trace
The nameless charms that deck'd thy sylph-like form;
Recall thy frolic mien, thy playful grace,
Thy face, expressive as thy heart was warm,
Those melting eyes, that beam'd with heav'n's own blue,
And told each rising thought, to ardent nature true.

Oft have I press'd thee to my throbbing heart,
Oft gaz'd delighted on thy cheek's pure glow;
Oft heard, well pleas'd, thy artless tongue impart
Thy transient pleasure, and thy transient woe;
And griev'd, that e'er, by frigid caution taught,
Reserve should shade a mind, with genuine candor fraught.

For, ah! who knows—hadst thou been doom'd to climb
Life's slipp'ry steep, where youthful fancy views
Flow'rs sweet and fair, which the rude hand of Time
So swift destroys, and, where they blossom'd, strews
Those baneful seeds, which, as we upward toil,
In quick succession rise, our pleasures to despoil—

Who knows, if that ingenuous ardent mind,
Where virtue's buds in rich profusion grew—
Clear and unsullied, as the stream refin'd,
Where bord'ring flow'rs, reflected, charm anew—
Might not, too soon, have lost that grace of truth,
The sweetest, dearest charm, of innocence and youth.

Then why, fond heart, ah! why that selfish sigh?
For Mary wings to happier realms her way;
And oh! 'tis better, sure, like her, to die,
Ere guilt could stain, or base deceit betray,
Than live, o'er all our vanish'd joys to mourn,
Or weep those hours mis-spent, that never can return.

Thou Pow'r supreme, whose single glance can view
Creation's ample space—who read'st, at will,
The human heart—oh! aid me to subdue

Each vain repining thought! and shield
me still—
Though ev'ry other woe exhaust its force,
And rend this heart by turns—oh! shield
me from remorse!

Then may I—while I feel thy pow'r, and
own
That thou alone art good, alone art
wise—
Upborne by Faith, aspire to worlds un-
known,
Where Death no more shall rend those
sacred ties,
By virtuous love or faithful friendship
twin'd,
Through all the storms of life, congenial
souls to bind. JOANNA SQUIRE.

To Miss Irving, Longtown, Cumberland, on her Birth-day, May 16th.

BRIGHT shone the blest morning; serene
was the air;
All nature was lovely and gay;
The flow'rets were blooming, sweet,
lovely, and fair,
When first thy young eyes saw the day.

The birds join'd their songs, the young
stranger to hail:
Each loudly proclaim'd the glad hour:
The bee told to Flora the joy-yielding tale,
When gaily he hied to her bow'r.

And well might the spring and atten-
dants thus smile,
When Virtue, that goddess divine,
Vouchsaf'd to descend to our dear na-
tive isle,
And fix'd, for her form, upon thine.

Bright shone the blest morning, when first
thou wast giv'n—
The loveliest blossom of May.
And oh! may the choicest, best blessings
of heav'n
E'er mark out my friend's natal day.
ELIZA BAXTER.

Verses, written in March, 1814.

How grateful to mark, now the snow-
drifts are melted,
Creation once more in her mantle of
green!
Lo! snowdrops, hepaticas, crocuses
springing,
And violets preparing to grace the sweet
scene!

How pleasing to view, though 'tis but
in idea,
Fair Spring coming down in a prim-
rose-deck'd wreath;
To hear, though in fancy, the song of the
throstle,
And see the gay flow'rets empurple
the heath!

How grateful, when sickness has weak-
en'd the fabric,
And symptoms consumptive foreboded
decay,
In Hope's sweet illusions to see the
bright goddess,
Fair Health, gliding down on a sun-
beam of May!

Thrice pleasing it is to the way-weary
pilgrim
(As life's dreary pilgrimage draws to
a close)
To see the grim tyrant unfold yon bright
portals,
And sign a release from his toils and
his woes.
Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

Canzonet.

OH! dear one! if you knew the pain
That fills your lover's anguish'd brain,
You then would hear me sad complain,
Nor look one glance of scorn;
While Pity's soft relenting sigh,
And Mercy's bright benignant eye,
Would raise my drooping spirits high,
No more in grief forlorn.

For interwoven close with thine
Is ev'ry hope and fear of mine;
And, if I frame the tuneful line,
It breathes alone of thee.
If sorrow seem thy soul to sway,
To grief my bosom is a prey;
But, if you feel pure pleasure's ray,
Then joy belongs to me.

Oh! ne'er may woe invade thy breast,
Or more disturb its peaceful rest!
May'st thou with joy be ever blest!
Is still thy lover's pray'r;
And, should a smile for him be seen
To deck thy sweet, angelic mien,
'Twill brighten life's too clouded scene,
And sooth his ev'ry care.
J. M. LACEY.

Lines for a Young Lady's Sampler. June 12, 1814.

HERE, while the needle plies the mimic art,
The Muse would preach a lecture to the
heart,
Would tell the maid—whose fair inge-
nious hand
On canvas bids gay Flora's tribes expand—
That youth's inviting blossoms soon may
fade,

And beauty's roses droop in Death's drear shade:
But virtue will the tyrant's pow'r defy:
Her flow'rs immortal neither fade nor die.
Revolving time can ne'er their blooms impair,
Which, through eternal years, shall flourish fair.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

The TEARS *of* ELLEN.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

TEAR XI.

LET not my last heart-broken sigh
Be loaded with upbraiding;
May no such feeling, when I die,
My parting hour be shading!

I find this form decaying fast,
Yet feel no throb of terror;
For mem'ry, tracing all the past,
Sees no unhallow'd error.

So let me sink into the grave,
Though griefs around are pressing;
And let my latest murmur crave
On Edward's head a blessing!

Earth's vain delights are fled away;
To me no bliss is given:
Yet Hope illumes the dreary day,
And joyful points to heaven!

The TOPER'S LOGIC.

SOME say that hard drinking will hasten our end,
And that temperance is to long life the best friend;
But, since we were fashion'd from dust (as we learn),
And to dust are all hast'ning again to return,
To prolong our existence, a Toper would say,
'Tis undoubtedly needful to "moisten our clay."

On a PARASITE.

By Mr. James Fitzgerald.

SAID Tom to Dick one day, "I never dine,
Except on turtle, turbot, and French wine."—
"That's when you chance," quoth Dick, "on friends to fall;
Or, truly I believe, you never dine at all."

IMPRISONMENT *for* DEBT,

OF old, to debtors, who insolvent died,
Egypt the rites of sepulture denied.
A diff'rent trade enlighten'd Christians drive,
And charitably bury them alive.

FASHIONS
FOR
AUGUST.

Morning Walking-Dress. — A high round robe dress, with falling collar, of French muslin; long sleeves, made full, drawn in at the wrists and elbows: the bosom drawn across in small plaits; the collar of broad lace, rather full: bracer of white satin ribbon, with pearl clasp: the robe of a moderate walking length, trimmed at the feet with a flounce of vandyked lace, ornamented half-way to the knee with small balls of floss trimming. —The Angoulême bonnet of straw, with high crown and broad front, to tie on one side with white satin ribbon.—Hair in full curls over the forehead and temples.—Necklace and ear-rings of pearl.—Gloves of French kid.—Shoes of straw-color.

Evening Dress. — A robe petticoat of white satin, made close, ornamented at the feet with a border of the same; a wreath of silver laurel intermixed with white roses; full lace draperies ornamented with silver cord: bodice of white satin, made low on the bosom and back, ornamented with a trimming of lace and seed pearl. — *Head-Dress*—the hair in loose full curls in front, falling on the back of the head in ringlet curls; flowers on one side in a small cluster.—Necklace and ear-rings of diamonds.—Bracelets *en suite.* — Slippers of white satin.—Gloves of white kid.

General Observations.—Morning Walking-Dresses are generally of white muslin—long robes made high on the neck, with lace collar: long sleeves, made full, to draw at the shoulder, elbow, and wrists; the bosom to be drawn across in small plaits; bracer of white satin ribbon; the shoulders and feet ornamented with small floss balls, half-way up to the knee.—Bonnets are generally the Oldenburg or Angoulême. Small hats, with flat fronts, are much worn, with a small cluster of flowers on one side.—The hair, as last month—in full curls in front and on the temples. Flowers are generally worn in the hair.—Shoes of black or colored kid.

Half-Dresses are generally of figured or spotted muslin in small variegated sprigs, made rather shorter than the morning dress—with close collar round the neck, with epaulette shoulder-strap—long sleeves of white muslin, made full, to draw in several divisions: bracer of white rib-

bon: the bottom of the dress and bosom ornamented with small balls of floss trimming. — Head-Dress—cap composed of lace and white satin, made small: the hair in full curls in front, with small ringlets behind.—Necklace and ear-rings of pearl.—Shoes of black kid.

Evening-Dresses are of colored crape, worn over white satin slips, or draperies of lace festooned on the side: bodice of white satin, trimmed with lace, and ornamented with pearls. The bottom of the crape dresses is ornamented with a device of silver lama, and silver cords — long crape sleeves, made full, to draw in small divisions, to tie in small bows of white ribbon.—The hair in full loose curls in front and on the sides, with a cluster of flowers on one side, or plume of ostrich feathers, with an ornament of diamonds. —Necklace and ear-rings of diamonds.— Bracelets *en suite*.—Gloves of white kid. —Slippers of white satin, with rosettes of silver.

BOOKS *recently published.*

Miscellaneous.

Chalmers's Biographic Dictionary. Vol. XVI. 12s.

General Collection of Voyages and Travels. By J. Pinkerton. £37. 16s.

Pinkerton's new Modern Atlas. No. XVIII. £1. 1s.

Literary History of the Middle Ages. By the Rev. Joseph Berington. £2. 2s.

Portraits of illustrious Personages of G. Britain, with their Biography. By E. Lodge. Part I.

Sermons. By the Rev. Arch. Alison. 12s.

Rural Discourses. By W. Clayton. 10s. 6d.

Fatalism exposed, and the Freedom of the Will demonstrated. By the Rev. J. Duncalf. 8s.

The Predestined Thief; or a Dialogue between a Calvinistic Preacher, and a Thief condemned to the Gallows. 3s.

Church of England Missions. By the Rev. J. W. Cunningham. 2s.

Influence of Bible Societies on the temporal Necessities of the Poor. 1s.

Present State of the Greek Church in Russia. By Platon, late Metropolitan of Moscow. Translated by R. Pinkerton. 9s.

Memoirs of a celebrated Literary and Political Character, from 1742 to 1757. 7s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Queen of Etruria, written by herself. Translated from the Italian. 7s. 6d.

Political Portraits. By W. Playfair. £1. 4s.

Letters on the Writings and Character of Rousseau. By Madame de Stael. 5s.

Tracts, historical and statistical, on India, with Journals of several Tours in the Peninsula. By B. Heyne, M. D.

Letters on India. By Maria Graham. 14s.

History of Dover, By the Rev. J. Lyon.

Klopstock and his Friends; a Series of familiar Letters. Translated from the German. By Miss Benger. 10s. 6d.

Expeditious Arithmetician. By B. Danby and J. Leng. 7s.

Observations on the Effect of the Corn-Laws. By the Rev. T. R. Malthus. 2s.

Essay on the Prevention and Cure of Insanity. By G. Nesse Hill. 12s.

Results of Experience in the Treatment of defective Utterance. By J. Thelwall. 5s.

Journals of the Sieges undertaken by the Allies in Spain. By Lieut. Col. J. T. Jones. 18s.

Rabenhorst's German and English Dictionary. By G. H. Noeden, LL. D. £1. 1s.

Practical Directions for learning Flower-drawing. £1. 5s.

Account of Baths, and of a Madeira House at Bristol. By E. Kentish, M. D. 3s. 6d.

Annals of the Poor. By the Rev. L. Richmond. 7s.

Classes and Orders of the Linnean System of Botany. Part I. 4s.

Rules for pronouncing and reading the French Language. By the Rev. Israel Worsley. 2s.

Mitigation of Slavery. By W. Dickson, LL. D. 14s.

Thoughts on various Charitable and other Institutions. By Catharine Cappe. 3s.

Voyage to the Isle of Elba. From the French of Arsenne Thiébault de Bernaud. 6s.

Letters from Holland. 3s. 6d.

Trial of Lord Cochrane, and others, for Conspiracy. 1s.

Picture of Paris. By Louis Trouchet. 6s.

History of the Cossacks. By Samuel Kittle. 1s.

Poetry.

Lavinia. 2s.

Individuality; or the Causes of reciprocal Misapprehension. By Martha Anne Sellon. 12s.

Eighteen hundred and thirteen. By Mrs. Grant. 8s.

CHRONICLE.

The King.—Bulletin of July 2.—"His Majesty continues well in his health, and has been generally in a tranquil and cheerful state of mind throughout the last month."

The Princess of Wales.—July 4, on a motion by Lord Castlereagh, a committee of the whole House of Commons proposed to allow the Princess a yearly income of £50,000 from the Exchequer, in lieu of the £22,000, which she had been in the habit of receiving, viz. £5,000 from the Exchequer, and £17,000 from the Prince, her husband.—On the 5th, the Speaker read to the House a letter from the Princess, thanking them for their intentions, and declaring that she would be satisfied with £35,000 a year.—On the 8th, they voted her the £35,000, agreeably to her desire.

The Princess Charlotte.—July 12, the Regent entered Warwick-House, the Princess'es residence, and informed her that all her household and servants were dismissed; that she was immediately to remove to Carlton-House, and thence to Cranbourn Lodge in Windsor Forest, where she was to be attended by the Countess dowager of Rosslyn, and others, of his appointment.—The Princess took an opportunity of slipping out unobserved, and repaired, in a hackney-coach, to Connaught-House, the residence of her mother the Princess of Wales: but, on receiving a message from her father through the Duke of York and others, she consented to go to Carlton-House, whence she proceeded, on the 18th, to Cranbourn Lodge, in one of the Regent's carriages, and attended by his servants.

Lord Cochrane.—July 5, the House of Commons having taken into consideration the record of the conviction of Lord Cochrane and Mr. Cochrane Johnstone (*noticed in our Magazine for June, page 292**) Lord C. was called in, and, being permitted to address the House, read his defence from a written paper, and followed it with a speech, in both which he solemnly asserted his innocence. A long debate ensued; after which, a vote was passed for his expulsion, by a majority of 140, against 44.—Mr. Cochrane Johnstone did not appear, when called upon; and two members informed the House that they had seen him at Calais on the 31st of May.—July 11, a numerous meeting of the electors of Westminster was held in Palace-yard, to propose a candidate to fill the seat lately occupied by Lord Cochrane in the House of Commons: on which occasion, resolutions were passed by the assembly, declaring their opinion that he was not guilty of the offence for which he had been condemned; that he is a fit person to represent the city of Westminster in parliament; that he should be put in nomination at the ensuing election; that a committee should be appointed to carry the preceding resolution into effect; and that a subscription should be opened, to defray the expenses of the election.—July 16, the election was held; and Lord Cochrane being the only candidate proposed, was elected without opposition.—On the 19th, Lord Castlereagh, in the House of Commons, announced the Regent's intention of remitting the punishment of the pillory to Lord Cochrane and the others who had received sentence with him.

* Where we accidentally omitted part of the sentence against Holloway, viz. a fine of £500.

Price of Bread.— Quartern Wheaten Loaf, *June* 30, eleven pence, three farthings—*July* 7, the same—*July* 14, eleven pence, halfpenny—*July* 21, eleven pence, three farthings—*July* 28, the same.

[*London, June* 21] A seisure of foreign gold watches, &c. estimated, according to report, at £40,000, was lately effected by the officers of the Customs at Dover.

[23] On Saturday se'nnight, as a farmer was in search of a strayed ox on Hilsdown, about six miles from Exeter, at a little distance from the road, he discovered a man lying in a thicket, almost lifeless, with his hands and legs tied fast together. It appears, the poor man (called G. Blanchfield) was knocked down and robbed by three footpads (seamen) on Sunday the 3d instant, who having rifled him of all he had, about five pounds, deliberated on murdering him, but afterwards agreed to bind him fast, and throw him into a hedge: he remained in this cruel situation, without any sustenance, for seven days; and, notwithstanding, when the farmer liberated him, he had strength enough left to crawl to Starcross, upwards of five miles' distance. He says he suffered intolerable distress from the swarms of insects and vermin of the common, which attacked and tormented him, without his being able to dislodge them from his body.

[27] Some travellers, recently arrived from Wallachia, have brought an account of a terrible calamity which has befallen the inhabitants of Oybestein. That district, one of the most populous in the country, was situated in the neighbourhood of several lofty mountains; some of these were cultivated to their summits, and the sides were covered with the dwellings of the natives; the base of the highest, however, is supposed to have been sapped by the long rains. On the night of the 20th of April, while the inhabitants, unsuspicious of such a calamity, were buried in repose, the peak, called the Devil's Neck, descended with a noise resembling an earthquake, and overwhelmed in its progress houses, forests, and innumerable cattle. The concussion was so frightful, that the inhabitants of the adjacent villages started from their beds, and were seen running quite naked from their habitations, to seek safety in the plains. The extent of this calamity had not been ascertained, but it was supposed that 400 souls had been buried beneath the ponderous fragments, which extended and covered a mile of ground. The general distress was much increased by the groans which were heard issuing from the ruins four days after the avalanche.

[27] *Turin, June* 14.—By an edict of our sovereign, dated the 10th, torture is abolished in all cases, and an amnesty granted to all persons who have been condemned previously to the 1st of May last, excepting assassins, incendiaries, coiners, and other great criminals.—By another edict of the same day, all kinds of secret associations are forbidden, under pain (if the offenders be public functionaries) of deprivation, incapacitation, and two years' imprisonment; and, if they hold no charge, of five years' imprisonment.

[28] *Pope's Legate.*—Cardinal Gonsalvi lately arrived in London, as Legate from the Pope, on a mission to our Regent —to treat (it is said) on the affairs of the Catholics of Ireland.

[28] *Duke of Wellington.*—Last night, the thanks of the House of Commons were unanimously voted to the Duke, for his eminent services; and a deputation of fifteen members appointed to wait upon him with the vote.

[29] A proclamation has been published by Field Marshal Bellegarde, announcing that Lombardy, Mantua, Brescia, Bergamo, and Cremona, are definitively united to the Austrian monarchy.

[29] The Russian and Prussian Monarchs sailed from Dover for the continent on the 27th instant.

[29] The grand concert, for the relief of the sufferers in Germany, was yesterday performed in the Royal Chapel, Whitehall. Her Majesty and Princesses honored it with their presence, and there were about fifteen hundred ladies and gentlemen. The spectacle was beautiful. A sum of 3000 guineas was thus collected for the benevolent purpose which the managers had in view, and for which they have already accumulated £100,000.

[30] June 15, the Sovereign Prince of the United Netherlands issued a decree for the abolition of the slave-trade.

[30] Through the medium of advices from Malta, we learn, that, after diligent, but for some time ineffectual inquiry, it has been by accident discovered that the infection of the plague was transferred from that island to Gozo by some beads, which were sent by the order of a person who died of the complaint, to a friend in the latter. The poison was held suspended in the string by which the beads were connected.

[*July* 1] Large orders have been received in this country from the French slave-merchants (and are at this moment in the course of manufacture), for iron collars, handcuffs, and the other articles usual for securing and torturing the unhappy negroes.

[1] At the rejoicings for peace at Plymouth, there was a boat-race, on Thursday, by the *ladies* of Oreston, for five guineas, which was won by the Swan, rowed by Mary Hart and Susan Allen.

[2] *Liberty of the Press.*— A Spanish official article, in the *Gazette de France* of the 28th June, dated Madrid, 16th June, gives the summary of a trial for a libel, published in The Universel, Spanish journal, consisting in a statement alleging that "all the officers of the third army had declared collectively that they would be the protectors and unshaken defenders of the Constitution (that is, the Cortes)." The editors, Villanueva and Friar Joseph Lasennal, being called upon to give up the original author, said they received the statement from an unknown person calling at their office. Both the editors were found guilty as the authors, and sentenced, by order of the King, through his Minister of Justice and Mercy, Don Pedro Macanaz Villanueva, to the galleys for six years in one of the stations on the coast of Africa; and Friar

Joseph Lasennal to six years' close confinement in the most rigid convent of his order.

[4] Louis Bonaparté has renounced all claim to the allowance of 200,000 francs a year (above £8,300 sterling) secured to him by the convention entered into between the Allied Sovereigns and Bonaparté.

[4] Montbrun, a member of the Legion of Honor, robbed the wife of Jerome Bonaparté, on the highway, of all her valuables, when she left Orleans, after the dethronement of Napoleon. This Montbrun has been recently apprehended.

[5] *French Liberty of the Press.*—June 30th, in a debate in the Chamber of Deputies, respecting the liberty of the press, a member stated, that a work of his own, with his name attached to it, entitled, "*Encore un Mot sur la Constitution*," had just been seised by a police inspector, at the house of his printer.

[5] The Duke of Wellington has been appointed embassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the French Court.

[5] *The Nelson*, the largest ship of the line ever built in England, was launched yesterday at Woolwich. She is to carry 120 guns, with a complement of 875 men.

[6] *Constantinople, May* 26.—The tranquillity of this capital has been disturbed for some days by the Janissaries. Having learned that some of their comrades had been punished with death at Widdin, they formed assemblages about the Seraglio, and demanded satisfaction in a menacing manner.—The troubles were at length appeased by the Grand Vizier.—Within these last days the Grand Signior has transferred his residence, with his harem, to the charming valley of Bethana. A bostangi belonging to the guard had the boldness to follow with his eyes some of the women who walked unveiled: he was strangled on the spot by order of the bostangi bascha!

[6] Peace has been celebrated at Woburn, in Bedfordshire, by provisions, &c. being distributed among the poor. The Marquis of Tavistock, treading in the steps of his noble and benevolent father, gave eight sheep on the occasion.

[8] *Thanksgiving.*—Yesterday, the Regent, the members of both Houses of Parliament, foreign ministers, &c. &c. went in grand procession to St. Paul's, to return thanks to the Almighty for the happy return of peace.—The streets, from St. James's to the cathedral, were lined with soldiers: the crowds, assembled to view the procession, were immense; and the number of persons admitted into the church was computed at near 10,000.

[9] The trial of the Hon. Frederic Cavendish, on a charge of forgery, took place, on Monday, at the Commission Court, Dublin. After the evidence for the prosecution had been gone through, the jury returned a verdict of *not guilty*.

[11] Extract of a letter from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, dated the 31st of May —"The convoy under the Spencer, bound to Quebec, on the 14th of May, in lat. 44. 18. N. long. 50. 50. W. fell in with upwards of twenty large islands of ice, some of which were eighty feet above the surface of the water, and about two acres in extent.—In the afternoon of the same day, the convoy met a field of ice, computed at twenty miles extent, about thirty feet above the water's level, some parts being considerably higher. Happily these islands and this immense field was discovered in clear weather, and in the day-time; from which fortuitous circumstance no accident occurred."

[11] *France.*—July 5, a bill [or *projet de loi*] for regulating the liberty of the press, was presented to the Chamber of Deputies, from the king. By the proposed law it is intended that no periodic publication shall appear without the royal authority; and that all publications consisting of less than thirty sheets (with the exception of books in foreign or dead languages, prayer-books, &c.) shall be examined by censors appointed by the king, and empowered to suppress any book which they disapprove.

[11] July 9, the corporation of London gave a sumptuous banquet at Guildhall, in compliment to the Duke of Wellington; on which occasion, His Grace was presented with the freedom of the city in a gold box, and with a splendid sword which had been voted to him.

[12] Advices from Hamburg announce that about 120 vessels, laden with goods, have entered the Elbe since the opening of the navigation of that river.

[12] It is said that an official communication from Lord Castlereagh has announced to the Catholics of England, through their secretary, Mr. Jerningham, the intelligence, that Louis XVIII. has ordered the restoration of the English and Irish establishments for education in France, with all the funds and property belonging to them, which had been sequestrated by the revolutionary governments, and retained by Bonaparté.

[14] The inhabitants of Wiveliscombe have celebrated the peace in a manner no less spirited than original. The procession comprised a representation of all the chief features of the various trades and employments carried on in the town. Among other curious performances, which took place during the actual course of the procession, was the manufacture of a coat, through all the processes of weaving, fulling, dying, and making, in the space of *four hours!*

[14] On Saturday afternoon last, a tin tube, filled with powder and ball, with a match at the end, was found introduced into an air-hole of the powder-magazine belonging to the barracks at Ayr, containing, at the time, about three hundred barrels, with a design, it is supposed, to blow up the same. A candle was also found at a little distance by the sentinel, which, it is conjectured, was used in attempting to kindle the fatal match; but fortunately it had gone out; by which many valuable lives, and much property have been happily saved.

[15] *Nobleman Juror.*—Michael Carroll and Laurence Keeffe, who were found guilty at the summer assises, at Kilkenny, for murder, applied to the King's Bench, Dublin, to reverse the judgement, in consequence of Earl Dysart, a nobleman, having been on the grand jury that found the bill. The cause came on at the King's Bench on Monday se'nnight, and the objection was found legal: but Carroll and Keeffe are remanded to Kilkenny, to re-abide their trials at the next assises.

[15] *Murder.*—July 4, W. Henry Hollins, having called upon Elizabeth Pilcher, servant to Mr. Cartwright in Lower Grosvenor-street, and entered into conversation with her outside the hall-door, discharged at her a pistol loaded with a great number of large shot. After having languished for several days, she died of the wound on the 10th.—The cause of this murder was, that the perpetrator had conceived for her an unlawful passion, and, irritated by her non-compliance, determined to take that cruel revenge for his disappointment.

[15] At the *Old Bailey*, yesterday, sixteen individuals were sentenced to death; eleven, to transportation for life; two, for fourteen years; thirty, for seven years; forty-one to imprisonment for different periods; eight, to be whipped; six were fined one shilling each, and discharged, and twenty-three discharged by proclamation.

[16] *Aëronauts.*—Yesterday Mr. Sadler and his son ascended, from Burlington House, with a balloon, painted and ornamented to represent a temple supported by eighteen pillars, with as many statues between. The aërial voyagers sailed as far as Gravesend, and within sight of Dover; but, meeting a contrary current of air, they returned, and descended near Great Warley, in Essex, about 18 miles from town.

[19] Advices from Archangel, of May 23d, state that the navigation there was still obstructed by the ice.

[19] Advices from Gibraltar, of June 23, mention that three persons, who had sought refuge there, have been delivered up to the agents of the Spanish king, to whom they were obnoxious for entertaining political opinions unfavorable to his government.

[19] The treasure, brought home in the Durham, weighing 48 tons, and consisting of two millions of Mexican, Provisional, and Insurgent dollars, and a large quantity of gold and gold dust, was sent from Deal last week, in thirteen large waggons, and has reached the Bank of England in safety. Among the money is half a million of dollars for government; the rest is entirely for the merchants.

[21] *Horrors!*—Last night, in the House of Commons, Mr. Wilberforce declared that he knew from the most certain sources—from intercepted letters from St. Domingo—a fact, which seemed formerly to have been doubted: namely, that it was usual, at the *Ecole des Chiens* in that country, to train the blood-hounds that were to hunt the natives, by forming a ring with armed soldiers, and exposing twelve or thirteen blacks to the fury and hunger of the dogs. This barbarous exhibition usually took place on *Sundays.*

[22] *Murder.*—Mrs. Noyce, of Fawley, in the New Forest, Hampshire, was lately murdered—by her own son, as is supposed. His motive is thought to have been, that she had, by will, bequeathed to him all her property; and he feared that she would alter the will, if he married a certain woman, to whom she had a strong objection.

[22] *Extraordinary Circumstance.*—Some time since, a cow, belonging to Mr. Bolland, of Ashton, was taken ill, and began rapidly to waste away. She was

put under the care of Mr. Cliff, a veterinary surgeon, of Tarvin, who, on giving her the proper medical treatment, obtained ocular proof that she had harboured in her body *two live adders*, from eighteen to twenty inches long.

[22] *An aspiring Hen.*—A few days ago, at Seathill, in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, a hen, forsaking the humble earth, contrived, by fluttering from one branch to another, to reach the nest of a magpie, which was situate in the branches of a fir-tree; and, after a severe action, having compelled her to yield the victory, she took the nest, which she thenceforward regularly visited. The curiosity of the neighbours being excited, one of them, by means of a long ladder, ascended to the spot, and was not a little surprised to find in the nest a brood of fifteen chickens.

[22] Yesterday, the Duke of York laid the first stone of a school-house for a thousand children, in front of Westminster Abbey.

[23] During the late run of feasts, the prices of poultry in London reached a height which will scarcely be credited. In the week before the allied sovereigns left town, ducks were sold at *twenty-two shillings* the couple.

Born.

June 21. Of Mrs. White, at St. Keverne, *three daughters*, who were all baptised in the parish church on the following Sunday—the mother attending the ceremony.

22. Of Mrs. Tremayne, Newstreet, Spring Gardens, a son and heir.

27. Of Mrs Fuller Maitland, Grosvenor-square, a son.

Of Mrs. Longden, Wimpole-street, a daughter.

28. Of Mrs. Blake, Devonshire-place, a daughter.

30. Of Mrs. Captain Nelson, Walmer, a son.

July 5. Of Mrs. Gosling, Gloucester-place, New Road, a son.

Of Mrs. Nicholl, Lincoln's Inn Fields, a son.

6. Of Mrs. Major-Gen. Duff, a son.

Of Mrs. Edgell, Montague-place, a son.

10. Of Lady Foley, a son.

12. Of Mrs. Captain Schomberg, a son.

13. Of the Hon. Mrs. Bedford, a son.

17. Of Mrs. Major Gen. Desborough, a daughter.

18. Of Mrs. Leonard Horner, Gower-street, a daughter.

Married.

June 22. Lord Combermere, to Miss Caroline Greville.

[25] *Lately*, The Rev. James Knollis of Lincoln College, Oxford, to Miss Frances Hall.

27. John Talbot, jun. esq. to Miss Maria Talbot, of Castle Talbot in the County of Wexford.

28. John James, esq. of Langley Hall, Berks, to Lady Emily Jane Stewart.

Rev. Ch. Webb Le Bas, to Miss Sophia Hodgson.

At Chigwell, Thos. Keighly, esq. to Miss Louisa Hawes.

29. W. Cotton, esq. of Upper Berkeley street, to Miss Chandler.

July 4. C. D. Wittenoom, esq. of Southampton, to Miss C. J. R. W. Barrette.

7. The Rev. Walker Gray, of Southgate Grove, to Miss Emily Daniel.

11. Frederic Pratt Barlow, esq. of Kensington, to Miss Catharine Harriet Hasker.

Henry Preston, esq. of Doncaster, to Miss Maria Anne Crampton.

13. Major Gen. Carey, to Miss Caroline Smith, of Woodhall Park, Herts.

18. W. Robert Sidney, of Hart-street, Bloomsbury, to Miss Sarah Anne Blight.

Deceased.

June 17. T. J. Crowder, late of Trinity College, Cambridge.

18. Henry Tresham, esq. R. A.

19. Carteret, daughter of Sir James Saumarez.

21. The Earl of Minto.

Lieut. Col. G. Powell, Portland-place.

22. Mrs. Smith, Sloane-street.

Mrs. Dunning, Maidstone.

25. Mrs. Rhodes, Finchley.

27. Rev. Edward Bryant, Newport, Essex.

28. Catharine, daughter of the late Sir Roger Burgoyne.

Robert Ladbroke, esq. Pall-Mall.

29. The Hon. Capt. Walpole, R. N.

The Hon. Mrs. Caroline Howe.

30. Geo. Taylor, esq. Carshalton, Surrey.

July 1. Lieut. Robe, Woolwich.

2. Mrs. Forster, Great Coram-street.

4. Miss Kinder, Newington.

Mrs. Patterson, Stoke Newington Common.

12. Viscount Howe.

14. Adam Moore, esq. Norfolk-st.

18. W. Townsend, esq. Staple-Inn.

Miles Peter Andrews, esq. M. P.